

WASHINGTON'S CLIVEDEN SET

A dossier on the operations of the capital's appeasers. Inside a certain Georgetown mansion. Meet Mr. Procope and the Vichy go-betweens. An expose by Bruce Minton

NEW MASSES

FEB. 24, 1942 15c



AFTER SINGAPORE

The only strategy that can destroy the Axis. By the Editors

SNIPERS AT MORALE

Why certain congressmen are blasting the Office of Civilian Defense. Statements by Reid Robinson, Sen. James Mead, Budd Schulberg, Rep. Vito Marcantonio, Jerome Chodorov, Sen. Sheridan Downey, Lewis Merrill, Rockwell Kent, Herbert Benjamin

CHINA'S BEST SELLER

Edgar Snow describes the book that has made history in Asia.

Between Ourselves

DEAR READER: Usually this page is anonymous—it's a sort of personal letter from our editors to our family of readers. We talk about your magazine, its headaches and its prospects, its writers, their articles, and a thousand and one things that go into making the kind of publication NM is.

But this week we want to highlight something unusual for us—this Quiz Book you've been reading about on our back cover these past few weeks. I've just finished reading the final proofs on the 760 questions and answers and I want to tell you this book is a remarkable job. I think we have something here that will make a hit with all of you. It's something that can be a lot of fun—and more.

The idea for the Quiz Book came from the head of a close friend of ours—Herb Goldfrank, an old reader, who has come to NM for his facts and slant on events over a number of years. He thought we ought to get something out that could be used for group educational work, or simply for a good time with friends at home, for some fun and entertainment at your club or lodge. "Why leave it to the radio programs and other questions-and-answers books that leave you cold?" He saw it as something pretty handy to have around the house when the friends drop in and you get to talking politics, and begin challenging each other about dates, places, facts of all kinds. Besides, he said, you could use it as a special kind of gift for those loyal readers of yours—those Minutemen of NM—who go out for subs to spread this magazine over the country. "Give them something special," he said, "for their pains in helping you build NM's circulation."

Well, he sold us on the idea. And the editors worked nights and weekends to prepare a book that is really quite a job and tops all the others in this field by far.

Have you ever come to one of our "Interpretation Please" meetings? They're quite different from the "Information Please" programs you've heard on the air. This book is just about as different from the usual quiz books you have seen. The questions, as you'll see, range the world—domestic politics, foreign affairs, important and startling facts about the war, and material of this war, about the peoples in the war—about pretty nearly everything you're interested in these days. Try your hand at answering these, for ex-

ample:

1. What is meant by the "Maginot Line" theory of warfare?

2. What English poet and critic, respectively, gave their lives in the struggle for Greek and Spanish freedom?

3. Who said over the radio in 1938: "A clear-sighted and long-range foreign policy of the United States can only be developed in the solid friendship and collaboration between our country, China, and the Soviet Union?" Was it Cordell Hull, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert Minor, Earl Browder, or Wendell Willkie?

4. Parachute troops were first used by: the American Army; the British Army; the German Army; the Italian Army; the Red Army. (Check one.)

5. Name two agreements between great powers in the last two years that were signed in railway cars.

6. "I have come to save humanity" were words uttered by..... on his arrival in.....

7. What artist recorded, in etchings, the horrors of the French invasion of Spain?

8. How is Dec. 7, 1941, a memorable war date aside from Pearl Harbor?

9. True or false?—German losses in manpower during the first six months of the present fighting in Russia have been greater than in the whole four and a half years of the last World War.

10. In what three respects are Japanese battleships inferior to those of the United States?

Well, there are 750 others more or less like those—some easier, some tougher, but all of them, I believe, of unusual interest to you. We urge you to send in your two subs immediately to get a copy of this book—and tell your friends so that they too will pitch in for their Quiz Book.

JOSEPH NORTH,
For the Editors.

The cartoon on page 15 of this issue marks the return of Crockett Johnson, former art editor of NM, as a contributor to these pages. In welcoming him back we know that we speak for our readers. This cartoon is one of many on exhibit until February 28 at the Art Students League, 215 West 57th St., N. Y. C. The show, an anti-Axis exhibit, is conducted by the U. S. Treasury Department and is sponsored by the Society of Magazine Cartoonists.

And on page 19 appears another contributor whom we welcome back after an absence of several months—Gardner Rea, whose cartoon—cap-

tioned "Forgive them not, they know what they do"—has won an award of a \$25 defense bond in the anti-Axis exhibit mentioned above.

The winner of the exhibit's second prize, a \$75 bond, was none other than that veteran weekly contributor to NM, William Gropper. His cartoon that got the award was entitled "Bonds Become Bombs," published in the *Daily Worker* of Jan. 12, 1942. Our heartiest congratulations to both Gropper and the *DW*.

Richard Wright was named, on the basis of three separate achievements, to the 1941 Honor Roll of Race Relations, which is determined yearly in a nationwide poll conducted by the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the N. Y. Public Library. The Honor Roll is composed of twelve Negroes who have "most distinguished themselves

during the year" and six white persons who have done the most to improve race relations "in terms of real democracy." Wright was chosen for his book *12 Million Black Voices*, his Broadway play *Native Son*, and his song (in collaboration with Paul Robeson and Count Basie), *King Joe*.

Who's Who

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES is one of the victims of New York's Rapp-Coudert inquisition. He has taught English at City College and is now on the faculty of the School for Democracy. He is also the author of *Letters from the Tombs*. . . . Edgar Snow is the author of *Red Star Over China*. . . . Francis Steuben's dance reviews have frequently appeared in NM. . . . John Detroy is a West Coast writer.

THIS WEEK

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There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN A WEEK of such heavy defeats, and in a winter which is heavy with nightmare, so much like Washington's terrible winter at Valley Forge, only a real sense of proportion and with it, a sense of where history is moving, will be able to sustain us.

And what the country expects, and here lies the President's great opportunity in his broadcast next Monday, is much more than short-run explanations. The loss of the *Normandie* can be explained that way at least in part: there were delays in getting fire-fighting equipment to the docks; there were failures in fire prevention; anybody could have gotten work aboard the ill-fated vessel, and so forth. And the same kind of explanation can be made for the way the three German heavy ships got away from Brest: difficulties of weather, inadequate concentration of fighting planes near Dover, someone asleep somewhere in the Admiralty.

BUT Singapore requires a deeper, more searching, more serious understanding. Singapore is not the whole war: what the Russians have done, what MacArthur has done, what the British themselves began to do in Libya must never be lost sight of. But the loss of Malaya, like the disaster at Pearl Harbor, has a history behind it: it is the rotten fruit of rotten policies which history is retching up and throwing in our faces.

Cecil Brown, a brave reporter, has told something of the story. Malaya and Singapore were lost by the kind of men who would not mobilize the native peoples for defense, who evacuated their own women and children from Penang, but left the natives, like all the rest of the property, to the hands of the invader. Men like Sir Shenton Thomas, Singapore's governor, who reported "everything in hand" on one day and then on the next that "we are all in the hands of God. . . ." This is the kind of men who only yesterday were foxtrotting in Singapore City's main hotel, appropriately named Hotel Raffles. They are the blood brothers of Kimmel and Short in Honolulu.

These are the "whiskey-swilling planters and military birds-of-passage" who fell for Hitler's anti-Communist bogey and fell again for the Japanese stratagem of playing off the imperial powers against the colonial peoples. Until this full truth is understood and applied, we cannot win the war. But because this is our war, *a war of peoples*, of United Nations—and because we are going to win it—it is this crowd which must be isolated, quarantined, shorn of power, disgraced, and eliminated from every point where they influence the struggle.

AND this "Hotel Raffles" mentality is not peculiarly British: that is why the current effort of the appeasement fraternity to blame it all on Britain is itself a device to shield the men who were responsible for Pearl Harbor. There is much to be criticized in Britain, and as allies we have a right to criticize. But in so doing, we must remember that what we have to say is what the British people themselves have been saying.

Britain is a key and commanding nation for the victory of the United Nations. The island itself is the archstone for defending the north Atlantic, and it is decisive for opening a front on the continent. The British empire, especially India, is equally decisive for China's defense, and for the ultimate

task of throwing the Japanese off the continent of Asia. It is therefore a treacherous hallucination, a backwash of the old isolationist maunderings, to give circulation to the idea that the war can possibly be won without Britain.

The real issue is the character of Britain's participation. And it is here that the difficulty lies with Churchill's last speech. The Prime Minister is a natural figure to lead Britain through this war; it is doubtful whether there is another man in England to match him. But the trouble is that Churchill has permitted himself to be hampered by a reactionary cabal in the Tory Party, precisely those creatures of Munich whom

AFTER SINGAPORE

by the Editors

Churchill so brilliantly criticized in the past. And the trouble is that the Prime Minister hesitates to break with them, hesitates to base himself on the instinct for healthy and vigorous action which flows deep in the British masses.

And one of the weak notes in Churchill's speech was the one in which he leaned upon the spectacle of Russia's unity in her darkest hour, urging Britons to emulate the Russians and refrain from breaking up their government. But this missed the whole point, as Ralph Ingersoll caught it in the *New York PM*: the point that the Russians cleaned out their Munichmen some years ago, and have been merciless with laggards and sluggards ever since. And this is precisely what Churchill has yet to do, and is capable of doing.

To deal ruthlessly with the traitors in our midst does not involve emulating the Soviet form of government, as the British Prime Minister implied. Neither we nor the British are confronted with the choice of a different social structure, which is not the issue of this war at all. Our existing social structure is quite capable of dealing with sabotage and treachery, provided winning the war is placed above all other considerations.

This was Washington's experience with Benedict Arnold;

such is the lesson Lincoln finally learned with McClellan. And if Stalin applies these lessons well, it is because socialism is the extension of democracy into our time, the extension of Washington's irreconcilability to treason, and Lincoln's devotion to the democratic principle. To clean out the Munichmen and their American counterparts is fully within the power of our government; and you can tell which are the guilty men by the fact that they alone will raise the hue and cry that the country is being "socialized."

BUT we need not go too far back to explain our defeats; six months will also do. What happened after June 22? We sat back, did we not, and succumbed to the utterly erroneous theory that England and the United States had gained time. And this very theory that we had gained time caused us to waste the time we had, to lose the time we might have gained. Our own automobile manufacturers persuaded the administration that there was time for just one more profitable season selling automobiles. Pernicious notions arose that the Nazis and the Russians would exhaust each other, that Russia and China would just hold the bag until we, in the fullness of our pleasure, would step in and take the bag over.

It was argued that a second front was both impossible and unnecessary; it was implied that the second front was a Russian interest, just as years before it had been implied that collective security was solely in the Soviet interest. Now, with Singapore gone and the western Pacific virtually in enemy hands, we are paying for that defensive, comfortable delay. We are paying for the fact that we tried to gamble our way through 1942.

It is clear now, and it is not too late to learn, that the barbarians are trying to win this war this year. They are taking the long chances. They have no intention of waiting until our seapower, airpower, and manpower is exactly what we should like it to be.

Japan is moving along one or more of three lines of action. While mopping up Sumatra and tackling Java, perhaps taking a poke into Australia or our own West Coast, her first thrust is toward Burma and India. Her submarines and raiders now have access to the Indian Ocean. Ceylon, the island off the tip of India, comes into the news. So does Madagascar, which just happens to be in Vichy hands, and lies astride our only sea routes to the Near East, to the Caspian and Indian fronts. The fact that the world is really a globe at last sinks into our consciousness; the prospect of Japan and Germany meeting in Asia becomes a strategic reality.

A second line of action is against China, where both Hitler and the Mikado still have friends in high places. It is not beyond reckoning that Japan will apply military pressure in southwestern China or the Yangtse valley in the hope of shattering China's allegiance to the United Nations. And a third line of movement involves not only Vladivostok and Kamchatka, but even more dangerously—a thrust across Mongolia toward an old goal of Japanese ambitions, the Trans-Baikal.

What is there to limit Japan's momentum along one or more of these lines? To put the answer simply: two kinds of action by the United Nations. One is to hold whatever we have in the Pacific as well and as long as we can, at the same time preparing India and China for the day of their great offensive; the other is to open a front against Japan's ally, Germany, a front on the continent where our strongest ally, Russia, has already forced the Nazis on the defensive. These are related, and not at all mutually exclusive actions; one does not have to be posed against the other.

General MacArthur has shown the way to the first type of action; it is still possible in Java, and for this the utmost mobilization of Australia is necessary and is taking place. It is more than possible in India; in fact, if anything overshadowed the physical fact of Singapore's loss last week, it was the historical implications of Chiang Kai-shek's visit to India. He

may have gone with the simple objective of securing supply routes to replace the Burma Road; he may not have achieved a change of British policy toward India. But the enthusiasm with which he was received, the symbolic unity of the two great Asiatic peoples must have, before long, a profound effect on the war. Chiang's visit is a political defeat for the Japanese, who had been hopeful of winning India's ear for the policy that Siam followed. What must come in India, and it cannot be long delayed, is a mobilization of the population for war production and for guerrilla warfare.

But the crux of the next six months lies in whether Hitler can match Japan's momentum. If Hitler cannot, then Japan must go on the defensive. But if Hitler can strike a terrific blow against the Red Army this spring, at Moscow, or into the Caucasus, combined with a drive across Suez toward Iran, then the Japanese must be expected to move below or above India, and place us all—not the Russians, the Chinese, or the British alone—but *all of us* in our most serious crisis.

The key to the war therefore lies in Europe. The way to stalemating Japan lies in what we and the British are able to do against Hitler, in conjunction with what the Russians are doing and are ready to do from their end. *A second front on the Continent*: this is the strategy of coalition which conforms to the reality of the coalition.

For a great naval and air base, like the British Isles, to remain on the defensive is to risk the fate of another great naval base which remained on the defensive—namely Singapore. But for the British Isles, which has 4,000,000 men under arms, which has a powerful navy, which, as Churchill told us, is producing a gigantic arms supply by contrast with last summer, and which as Lord Beaverbrook told us last week has been producing many more planes than it has received from the United States—for Britain to take the big and main chance is to open the road to victory.

And in this our own country has a decisive responsibility. America ought to step forward and propose this strategy and pledge everything to make it possible: to match the British with men, ships, and planes for an all-out offensive in Europe this spring and summer.

It is for the sake of this offensive that the whole country must drop every thought of a good, long, leisurely war, and settle down to the speediest production of war materials. Donald Nelson's speech, in which he urged industry to forget its worries about the future and attend to the issue at present, is a step in this direction. Labor has already shown that it more than matches management's readiness to place victory first. And William L. Batt's powerful speech on page 14, even though it foresees our offensive as coming later than we think necessary, nevertheless indicates the positive trend of thought in important administration circles.

BECAUSE there is no other way, and because millions of people are in motion for action, we believe that the Allied timetable will be, and is being revised. Singapore to us was not a portent of the future. It was the *end* of an era and not the beginning of one. The men who made Singapore, Pearl Harbor, the *Normandie*, the getaway at Brest possible—we think they are near the end of their rope, and will be hung on the end of their own rope.

New forces are at work in this war, healthier, more vigorous. In the factories and fields, in homes and offices and schools a new spirit is gripping the men and women who count. It was in this spirit that Washington persevered the winter of 1777.

What we have to do, in the phrase of Tom Paine, is to "crowd the business of an age into the compass of a few months."

"There is no punishment, which that man doth not deserve," Tom Paine declared, "be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and so useful."





"Friendship's" Hostess—Evalyn Walsh McLean

Washington.

THE United States is today engaged in a crucial global war to determine, in Lincoln's terms, whether this nation or any democratic nation can long endure. Whenever before in this country's history the American people have taken arms to defend their national integrity, the struggle has been endangered in high places. The present crisis is no exception.

The intriguers have already accomplished much. They have strength, these American Clivedeners; they speak in Congress; they are at home in the State Department; their views are echoed in the press; they push their way into the councils of organized labor; their powerful lobby dictates in the name of "the rich, the wise, and the good."

As a group these appeasers foregather at the new "Friendship." For Mrs. Edward Beale (Evalyn Walsh) McLean did not sell the well known name when the executors of

her husband's estate disposed of the ugly Victorian mansion. "Friendship" continues in another setting, this time in Georgetown. There the intriguers flock to refurbish poisonous stories calculated to hinder America's anti-fascist war. There they egg each other on to new slanders against the President, to new lies against America's allies. "Friendship" has become the general headquarters of fifth columnists, the clearing house of those who "justify" Hitler, who gloat over Pearl Harbor, who blame Japanese aggression not on policies advocated and often instituted by their group, but on the administration which refused to capitulate to Tokyo. There the men and women who eagerly supported Franco, who cheered Munich, who applauded the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, now complain of lend-lease, condone business-as-usual, urge "negotiated peace" with the Axis. There are the men who approve

APPEASER'S

Come to "Friendship House" if you nichmen. Bruce Minton's expose of the Finland's Procope gets an earful. Who

the violation of the blockade to the Nazi enemy.

SEEMINGLY, the charming people who spend so much time at "Friendship" are merely in search of gaiety. At this late date it is naive to get worked up over the rather tawdry exhibition of conspicuous waste at the parties presided over by the ostentatiously eccentric Evalyn Walsh McLean. For years now her great dinners, with the illuminated dishes and the flowing champagne, the less formal cocktail and evening parties, have been accepted as part of Washington's social scene. And so little attention is paid to "Friendship" which has been increasingly transformed into a rendezvous of the appeasers.

In truth Mrs. McLean's guest list should arouse far more uneasiness than it has up to now. Most of her constant visitors have two things in common—their hatred for President Roosevelt and their admiration for the devious ways of fascism. That appears to be the link among such oddly assorted people most often entertained by Mrs. McLean—Reps. Martin Dies and Hamilton Fish, William R. Castle of the America First Committee, Igor Cassini, Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr., Senators Wheeler and Nye, and Mrs. McLean's own son-in-law, Sen. Robert Rice Reynolds, J. Edgar Hoover, State Department notables Breckinridge Long, A. A. Berle, and Loy Henderson; Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, Mrs. Lionel Atwill and her dapper brother, James Cromwell, the Finnish Minister Hjalmar Procope, the impeccably dressed secretaries and attaches from the French and Spanish embassies, and most surprising of all, John L. Lewis. Each of these persons has been linked with the isolationists; many of them have been called appeasers; not a few were prominent in America First or endorsed America First policies; and almost all have at one time or another expressed admiration for Mussolini, if not openly for Hitler.

These are the constant guests. Jews, of course, are seldom welcome—this is *high* society where anti-Semitism is taken as a matter of course. To the largest of the McLean parties are invited other prominent people, of far different—often liberal—outlook. But these more occasional guests are not part of the inner circle; they serve as a decorative front, the jewels exhibited along with the Hope Diamond by Mrs. McLean as proof of her prowess as a great hostess. The more-or-less innocent are amused now and then by the over-display of luxury at "Friendship," intrigued by the groaning buffet tables, the card games and the dancing, the movie and

WHO'S WHO

**Want to meet Washington's Cliveden set. The rendezvous of America's Mu-
nigh and mighty who sneer at the President's program for victory. Where
did the Vichy attache learn before leaving for Tokyo?**

stage shows. Unknowingly in many cases they rub shoulders with the enemies of America.

Mrs. Edward Beale McLean can be called an institution in Washington. She and her "playboy-lout" husband (as Mark Sullivan described hysterical, fantastic Ned) inherited great wealth from robber-baron fathers, in addition to the flamboyant "Friendship" estate on which John R. McLean had built a monstrous Victorian castle when he came to Washington to publish the *Post*. The younger McLeans were always great ones for publicity: they were in their element in the good old days of Harding's Ohio gang—until Ned became involved in the scandal of Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior. The unpleasantness—and scare—that Ned encountered caused him and his wife to leave Washington precipitately for Europe.

Abroad, the McLeans separated. But Evalyn successfully contested Ned's Riga divorce and remarriage. Poor Ned finally went completely insane, locked up in an institution, where he died only recently. But Evalyn did not let misfortune blight her life. She busily kept her name forever in the newspapers: it was always a story when she pawned the Hope Diamond, that glittering, fabled rock Ned had given her as a wedding present and which she wore on a chain around her neck (or which, when the mood struck her, she hung on the collar of her favorite dog). She was in constant trouble with creditors who wanted to be paid for her extravagances; she got into unbelievable situations—like the time she was mulcted by Gaston Means whom she had hired to solve the Lindbergh kidnapping case; or the time she retained Samuel Leibowitz to defend Bruno Hauptmann and then refused to pay the lawyer's fee. She wrote her autobiography, entitled *Father Struck It Rich*. She visited Moscow with the Hope Diamond, where she was met with amazement and some disgust; yet she did feel that she had conferred a favor on the USSR, since, as she told the press: "I'm the only person in ten years that gave poor, dreary Russia a thrill."

Along about 1937 Evalyn McLean returned to Washington to reopen "Friendship" where she entertained in the old, almost forgotten, gilded style of the eighties. Her parties were the last word in sumptuous—and bizarre—display. Between parties she wrote a column of society nonsense for her friend Cissie Patterson's *Washington Times* (now the *Times-Herald*). But more and more Mrs. McLean gave her full attention to collecting people at "Friendship"; more and more, the ultra-reactionary gravitated to her salon.

Last autumn Mrs. McLean approved the marriage of her nineteen-year-old daughter to thrice-married Sen. Robert R. Reynolds, one-time professional athlete, author of *Gypsy Trails*, wealthy and aging chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Reynolds, almost sixty, was still quite vigorous, particularly in his admiration for Hitler and Mussolini who, he said, knew how to get things done. Senator Reynolds published the Jew-baiting magazine, *The Vindicator*, and was the friend of George Deatherage and William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts. Senator Reynolds was a splendid son-in-law for Evalyn McLean. Perhaps in tribute to his well known opinions Mrs. McLean told the press, when she was interviewed at the time the love match was first announced, that she was in an exultant mood—because Hitler was licking Stalin.

NEW "Friendship" in Georgetown is nothing like the old Victorian estate. But Mrs. McLean still attracts her many friends. They are delighted to find her new house large and gaudy, and her dinners as lavish as ever. They are quite intrigued by the three red velvet davenports each seating twelve persons. Mrs. McLean moved—and those who love "Friendship" moved with her.

They make an interesting list, these standbys. Perhaps it is worthwhile dividing them into categories:

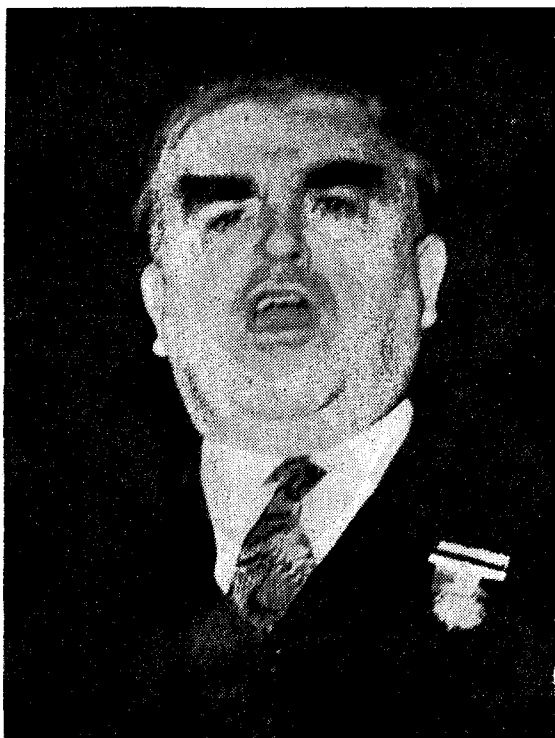
- I. The Senate: Wheeler, Nye, Reynolds.
- II. The House: Reps. Dies and Fish.
- III. The State Department: Breckinridge Long, A. A. Berle, Loy Henderson.
- IV. The Diplomatic Corps: Minister Procope of Finland, Secretary des Roziers of France, Secretary Foster of Great Britain. Assorted secretaries and attaches, mostly French and Spanish.
- V. Labor: John L. Lewis.
- VI. The Statesmen: James Cromwell, formerly Minister to Canada; William R. Castle, formerly Ambassador to Japan, formerly Undersecretary of State.
- VII. The Press: Eleanor (Cissie) Patterson, Emil Hurja (publisher of *The Pathfinder*).
- VIII. The FBI: Edgar Hoover.
- IX. The Socially Elite: Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr., Igor Cassini, Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, Mrs. Lionel Atwill.

As a point of departure in discussing such a distinguished cross-section of the social register, it may be well to select the popular Finnish Minister Hjalmar Procope and his

pretty wife, Margaret Shaw (so conveniently British and so disarming). The Procopes are seldom absent from "Friendship" gatherings. They are charming, this couple—Hjalmar, once head of a great Finnish export trust, is full of energy and vivacity, gay and youthful, except in those rare moments when he is off-guard, his face relaxed, and then he looks suddenly old and dissipated for his fifty years. The Procopes are discreet—they inspire admiration for their fine objective attitude toward the war, in which their country is on the wrong side. To meet the wealthy Procopes is to forgive them for their unfortunate predicament, to accept them for what they are—distinguished, witty, aristocratic. At least A. A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, and Loy Henderson, Assistant Chief of the Division of European Affairs (State Department), do not hesitate to joke with Procope, to exchange views. Breckinridge Long, also an Assistant Secretary of State—formerly ambassador to Italy where he was



Finland's Washington Agent—Procope



John L. Lewis



Alice Longworth



Martin Dies

quite captivated by certain of Mussolini's "reforms"—finds much in common with the cultivated Finnish couple. So do Senators Nye and Wheeler (once ardent supporters of America First, which, so the Laura Ingalls trials here brought out, was considered very useful to the German Embassy). To the list must be added that admirer of Nazi methods, Senator Reynolds; and that hater of the USSR (a bond to Procope), Martin Dies; and that defender of our country against spies, J. Edgar Hoover. The Finnish Minister has so many friends at "Friendship." In fact, although Great Britain is at war with Finland, and in defiance of all the strict rules of protocol, the first Secretary of the British Embassy, John Foster, attended a party at "Friendship" with Procope, and Sir Wilmott Lewis, London *Times* correspondent and unofficial British envoy to the United States, posed for a picture at Procope's side.

This may sound strange to those who do not know Washington society. Perhaps such broadmindedness on the part of government officials explains Washington's reputation for being the most gossipy capital in the world, where anything strictly confidential is said to be the property of the German Foreign Office in Berlin within twenty-four hours. Could Mr. Procope be the explanation of such leaks? Is it possible? The posters warn that Hitler has ears everywhere—but who would suspect suave Mr. Procope, Minister from that poor little country which is at war with America's allies, Great Britain and the USSR? Congressman Dies who, after the lessons of Norway and France, failed to investigate the fifth column in Hawaii, finds Mr. Procope a delightful dinner companion. These chums of an evening take the liberty of ignoring the posters hung wherever people congregate in restaurants, bars, clubs, and other public places. The industrial worker, the selectee, the housewife, the professional are

exhorted to beware of loose words lest the enemy benefit. But what goes for the people, Dies crassly ignores.

Would Minister Procope learn anything important from his constant contacts with high government officials who have intimate knowledge of war secrets and who enjoy chatting over a highball with delightful Hjalmar? It is said—and it has been proved—that Hitler finds embassies excellent espionage centers. Would he use the Finnish Embassy and Mr. Procope for such ends? Of course Finland as a nation is a fiction—it has become a German province. Of course Finland's Pres. Risto Ryti told the Finnish Diet last week that the Nazis are "our comrades in arms." But would Mr. Procope be acting in the interests of his own government and of his government's ally, Hitler Germany?

No, no, the appeasers would say. No, no, we would hear from Senator Nye, who urgently requests Mr. Procope's presence at a small, intimate dinner. No, no, Senator Reynolds, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, would tell us. No, no, J. Edgar Hoover and Martin Dies, searching diligently for spies, would protest.

It cannot be, says the "Friendship" crowd. And so Mr. Procope goes everywhere—even to the French Embassy. But there could be no danger of leaks through the Vichy representatives. Not if exclusive James Clement Dunn, Secretary Hull's special adviser on political relations and key man in policy-making circles, continues on such good terms with the French. The aristocratic Mr. Dunn, who would not deign to be seen at "Friendship," does chat with Procope and Vichymen elsewhere. Mr. Dunn's wife, it is interesting to recall, was indiscreetly pro-Franco in 1937 and 1938—but then she is the daughter of the Armour meat family, very high up in the social swim, and what she does and thinks

is of course *au fait*. Perhaps it was something of a shock to Mr. Dunn when accusations were heard that Vichy support allowed the Nazis to press their counter-offensive in Libya—with American supplies that Mr. Dunn has been so anxious to send to North Africa and France. Perhaps it was even more of a shock to Mr. Dunn—and to the "Friendship" intimates of Mr. Procope as well—to learn that the Vichy government had suddenly decided to transfer witty, clever Etienne Burin des Rozières, third secretary in the French Embassy, from Washington to Tokyo. Why is M. des Rozières shifted to an enemy capital just at this time? But then, James C. Dunn up to now has not felt called upon to give up the company of the so-distinguished French—any more than lesser lights see any reason to deprive themselves of Procope's delightful presence.

AROUND "Friendship," general headquarters of reaction, cluster various other groups. These are worth examining: each has its own particular function, its own special hobby. Foremost in importance is Alice Roosevelt Longworth's salon. T.R.'s daughter enjoys great prestige, even though some say she is a "parasite," using her great Massachusetts Avenue house as a center of opposition to the war. It is well known that this leading lady of Washington, wife of the now deceased Speaker of the House from Ohio, Nicholas Longworth, hates her cousin Franklin D. Roosevelt. Naturally her passion attracts kindred spirits—William R. Castle, Senator Wheeler, Hamilton Fish, Martin Dies (who has been "taken up" by Washington society because he is undoubtedly a "card"), and again, John L. Lewis. Here the thundering Lewis—who a few years ago wouldn't be caught dead in such a place (and, what is more, he wouldn't have been welcome)—intones his Biblical denunciations to an appreciative audience, and Burton K. Wheeler as-



Robert R. Reynolds



Lawrence W. Robert



Igor Cassini

sumes his "man of the people" pose, and Martin Dies provides laughs and thrills to the immaculately dressed assemblage by relating horrendous tales of "Communist" infiltration. Over all presides the lovely Alice, a little faded perhaps, but still sharp-tongued, sharp-witted.

Alice would not grace "Friendship"—far too vulgar for a great lady—but she is willing enough to court some of Mrs. McLean's "finds." Only this week, Princess Alice celebrated her birthday party at John L. Lewis' beautiful house in Alexandria, Va. "I'd rather not have any publicity about our little get-together," Mrs. Lewis told the reporter from the *Washington Post*. "It's to be just a small party—a few close friends; nothing important." But the *Post's* society columnist felt "it's entirely 'necessary' to tell you that the party was quite a large one . . . There was a cake, bearing two candles—one for John L., the other for Alice. . . . A center of attention among those present was Gov. Alf Landon."

Nearby, Alice's most hated rival, Eleanor (Cissie) Patterson of the *Times-Herald*, conducts her less exclusive salon. Here Mrs. McLean is welcome, but Cissie also has her share of well born, high-placed lions: Hjalmar Procope and his wife often find time to visit. Senator Wheeler arrives now and then, despite his penchant for seeing Cissie's rival, the gracious Alice. The motif at Cissie's gatherings is slightly more anti-labor than at Alice's, but no less bitter in scorn of the administration, with even more emphasis on the stupidity of this war and the need for "negotiated peace." Much attention is paid to the considered opinions of that elder statesman William R. Castle, formerly on the national committee of America First. For the harsh and surly Castle speaks with great deliberation, out of the wealth of his reactionary past. One can almost hear the great Herbert Hoover when Castle is at his best.

Less social, more "intellectual," are the serious thinkers who flock to Dorothy Detzer's on H Street not far from 17th. The home of the executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is by no means as resplendent—nor is the food quite up to that served by her competitors—but she makes up for this lack by her earnestness. Her house has in one sense replaced the headquarters of the defunct America First: and here Senator Wheeler and Representative Fish decry the war to Miss Detzer's starry-eyed exclamations of approval, and repeat the latest *bons mots* heard at the Longworth salon or at Cissie Patterson's most recent reception. And John L. Lewis frowns impressively and curses Roosevelt. Perhaps the notorious Jay Lovestone will drop in for a little session of conniving, or the slightly seedy Norman Thomas will arrive full of pompous banalities delivered in his actor's voice.

Each salon sends one or more delegates to "Friendship." Each salon has a flow of personnel back and forth, one to the other. Ideas are common to all these groups, dumped so to speak in the melting pot, tested and mulled over, emerging usefully reactionary. And in addition to the gatherings at "Friendship" and at the salons, this growing clique of like minds meets frequently at private homes, at more intimate dinners. Here is where the socialites come into their own. The Emil Hurjas go "everywhere," to Cissie's, to "Friendship," to the best parties. When Senator Nye entertained Adolph Hitler's unofficial representative in Washington, Hjalmar Procope, at the beginning of the month, he asked the Hurjas. When John L. Lewis celebrated his birthday, Mrs. Hurja poured tea. There is hardly a party of any consequence, no matter how select, that the Hurjas have missed all season. But then Mr. Hurja's editorship of his weekly *Pathfinder* does not take much time. The staff does the

work, and Mr. Hurja advises on editorial policy—an attack on Stalin, a slap at President Roosevelt, an endorsement of Harry Byrd's "economy" program. When it comes to the war, Mr. Hurja quotes Herbert Hoover, Senator Wheeler, Representatives Fish and Vandenberg, the *Chicago Tribune*, and John L. Lewis. Formerly Emil Hurja was executive director of the Democratic National Committee; he was in the government in the early days of the New Deal, but he didn't approve the more liberal wing of the administration. He got out, and since then has made frequent trips to Europe, especially to Finland, and to Norway where he was decorated with the Order of Olaf. Hurja has impeccable manners—as expected of the friend of royalty—a lover of things Finnish (and especially of the Procopes), and a passion for being seen at the right place. His admiration for totalitarianism is well known. His hatred for Roosevelt is only what is to be expected of one so socially ambitious. Hurja, like the other socialites, is a carrier of anti-democratic ideas, from "Friendship" to the better people, and back again to Mrs. McLean's.

His particular friend is Count Igor Cassini. And Cassini is also an habitue of "Friendship," sought after by everyone, perhaps because of his job as society gossip columnist on Cissie Patterson's *Times-Herald*. Count Cassini (the title is self-assumed because Cassini felt he deserved it) claims to be the grandson of the first czarist ambassador to the United States. He is undoubtedly related. Although Cassini's mother was a good friend of Alice Longworth, Alice does not seem equally warm about the son. But Alice is an exception. Cassini, the social butterfly, flutters breathlessly from one party to another. When he and his little wife, newly acquired, moved into a sweet little house, quite *moderne* and original, the count and countess were feted with a surprise party by the very best people

—where Hurja and Axis spokesman Procope and even a Supreme Court Justice put in an appearance.

Mrs. McLean is very fond of the little count. Everyone else is fond of him—it is dangerous to be otherwise, for he can wield a poison pen in his column "These Charming People," named in honor of the count's hero, Michael Arlen. These days, Cassini misses the Germans and Italians dreadfully—he was *such* good friends with all the Axis diplomats. But now he is busy explaining that the Vichy government is maligned, and cultivating his Spanish friends. Aside from that he is a dear friend of J. Edgar Hoover—who came to his recent housewarming and entertained with talks of his G-man exploits. To round out the picture of this charming tattle-tale, Cassini is violently anti-Semitic (which he doesn't keep out of his column), and his hatred for the Soviet Union knows no bounds. He was mixed up with America First in the days gone by, and he thinks Roosevelt just too, too vulgar for words.

Cassini's friend Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr.—intimates call him "Chip"—is of a different sort. Chip goes everywhere. But he is the rugged type—a man of the world, a big business operator, president of Robert & Co., director of the Aviation Corp., the Southern Wheel Co., the Macon Railroad, the Carolina Textile Co., the First National Bank of Atlanta, and other important firms. Formerly, Mr. Robert was assistant treasurer of the Democratic National Committee—but an unfortunate scandal which accused him of using his position to swell the coffers of one of his companies, prompted him to resign quite suddenly. Chip is really one of the best—and so he can be seen at "Friendship" and at Cissie Patterson's and almost anywhere else. Mr. Dies likes Chip, for example, and so does J. Edgar Hoover. And everyone loves his cute blond little wife, the ineffable Evie. For Evie is lively—and does manage to get her name in the papers. She was once called "the New Deal glamour girl," and better yet, "the Lobbyist Lorelei." Two years ago she rode an elephant in the circus—for charity. Back in 1936 she gave a cute birthday party for her horse, named St. John the Baptist, and everyone brought his dog, and Alice Longworth acted as one of the judges. Evie's father heads the legal staff of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, which pleases Chip no end. And the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, on their first visit to this country, graciously permitted Evie and Chip to entertain for them, and J. Edgar was present to fawn over royalty.

THESE are Washington's socially elite. These are the frequenters of "Friendship." And if they were merely part of a social whirl, they could be forgotten. But they have decidedly broader horizons.

This group is gaining power and growing more daring. Ten years ago the more prominent would not dream of visiting Mrs. McLean for all her riotous parties. But ideas

draw this motley crew together—from the snobbish Alice to the "intellectual" Dorothy Detzer, from the flighty Cassini to the frowning Lewis. These people are all motivated by a similar outlook. Among their ranks are the appeasers and those who impede the nation's war effort.

For what do these people talk about? Their repetitious hymn of hate toward Roosevelt works them very logically into a frenzy over the administration's war policy. Not surprisingly most of the rumors designed to disrupt national unity can be traced back to "Friendship" and the salons. See how "Friendship" discussions are carried into action: On the House floor, Martin Dies and Hamilton Fish express "Friendship" ideas when they Red-bait, when they gather reactionary friends like Howard Smith, E. E. Cox, Hoffman, and Starnes to attack every administration policy, to snipe at lend-lease, to scuttle adequate price control, to block defense housing, to ridicule civilian defense, and always to undermine the war effort. These are the appeasers—for all their pledges to support the war. From "Friendship" comes encouragement to such men as James Clement Dunn and Loy Henderson in the State Department, who find excuses not to do "too much" for the Soviet Union. From "Friendship" come Senators Wheeler, Nye, and Reynolds to "warn" against the Soviet Union, to see a "danger" that the Soviet Union will make a separate peace (Dies tried out a similar line at a "Friendship" dinner when he said he had inside information that the Soviet Union was about to make an alliance with Germany, Japan, and Italy against the United States). "Friendship" delegates in the State Department pass the word along to beware of the Soviet Union because "afterward" this country will have to fight the USSR, the real enemy. From "Friendship" is heard the "analysis"—which Cissie Patterson uses in her *Times-Herald*—that the war should be directed only against Japan, and that Europe should be abandoned to the Nazis, since Hitler is far away and therefore no menace. From "Friendship" are spread the "witticisms" that Cassini likes to print in his column: how the British say "The Russians are splendid cannon fodder, but that's all"; and did you know that Soviet Ambassador Litvinov's "real name" is Finkelstein; and the reason for Russian resistance is that they are used to starving; and when President Roosevelt talks of "parasites," he can't change human nature, which is proved by the fact that when the Russians kicked out the czarist parasites, communistic parasites took their place; and what is Mrs. Roosevelt up to when she appoints "Red-minded movie actors like Melvyn Douglas."

The group in its spleen denounces the President even in the presence of foreign agents from Vichy and Finland. Is it possible that loose talk, "confidences," do not reach Berlin? At "Friendship" are found former America Firsters, the friends of the Silver Shirts—like Reynolds—the anti-Semites. To

"Friendship" come the opponents of labor unions. What shame for John L. Lewis! How far can the mighty fall—John L. Lewis, one-time progressive, sends his union paper by messenger to Evalyn McLean for her edification and approval, to pass out among her friends. Was it not indiscreet gossip at Dorothy Detzer's house that revealed the America First-isolationist support behind Lewis' "unity" letter?

"Friendship" has become the catch-all of the anti-democratic, the "elite," and the "aristocratic" who excuse Hitler and who preach capitulation. Here are those who are amused by the "joke" when one of their number recently placed in front of his door a mat with Stalin's picture on it, so that guests could wipe their feet on the likeness. Here are the kind of people who consider Dies the personification of "Americanism," and who praise J. Edgar Hoover's recent appointment to his staff of Ogden Hammond (son of the organizer of the pro-Franco rally at Madison Square Garden in 1937), the man whom the State Department dropped when he became involved with a girl who turned out to be a Nazi spy. Here is the backwash of that effete and dying minority, maleducated, thwarted, disillusioned, anxious in their desperation to drag the country down with them, finding "beauty" in the gallows of Hitlerism, a "thrill" in the rubber hose of fascism.

These are the connivers, the appeasers of today, the pro-fascists. They and the genteel parasites who surround them are the enemies of the people. Look to this group to see why lend-lease shipments have not been larger, why shipments are made in leaky boats to wrong ports. Look to this group to explain why European "neutrals" still use funds in this country for the benefit of the Axis, and still are shipped materials through the blockade, crucial supplies that fall into Nazi hands. Look to this group to understand how it is that the German counter-offensive in Libya was made possible by materials supplied by Vichy and originally shipped to France and North Africa from America. Look to this group when shortages of raw materials suddenly occur after reassurances that supplies are ample. These are the apologists of the Hitler "point of view," the disparagers of the USSR, the slanderers of Roosevelt, the cursers of organized labor, the praisers of "negotiated peace." Even Thomas E. Dewey of New York has warned against Washington's "American Cliveden Set," which sneaks "into the party of the opposition" and which is busily "scheming to end the war short of military victory." Organized labor has grown uneasy over this "Friendship" group.

Men's actions reflect their understanding, their credo. Those who gather at "Friendship" hate democracy and progress. No one can appreciate Hitlerism and fight it at the same time. Nor do the men and women of "Friendship" accept the credo of reaction unwittingly. Of them it cannot be said, "They know not what they do."

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The Shadows Before

WHAT might be called political retooling for the 1942 congressional campaign is already under way. The politics-as-usual bosses in both major parties still resist conversion to an all-out victory basis, but it is clear that there will be only one issue in this year's election: the war and how to win it. President Roosevelt did a service to the country in his recent statement in which, in contrast to the position of Edward J. Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, he drew the line in the congressional elections between those, regardless of party, who by their public acts stand for total destruction of the Axis, and those who don't.

This cleavage, as it manifests itself in the Republican Party, was illustrated by the Lincoln Day speeches of four of its top leaders. Wendell Willkie and Thomas E. Dewey stood where the great mass of the Republican voters stand: with the President in uncompromising war against the nation's enemies. Alfred M. Landon and Clarence Budington Kelland, chairman of the Republican National Committee, on the other hand, demonstrated that for all their professed support of the war, they are today where they were yesterday: with that reactionary minority of covert appeasers who gnaw at national unity.

Willkie repudiated purely partisan tactics and chided those in his own party who "would, perhaps unconsciously, risk even national defeat in order to discomfit the party in power." But unfortunately his own speech was not free from partisan carping and lacked the constructive approach that he urged. His attack on Roosevelt's personal participation in the Victory Labor Board and his defense of the State Department, where the appeasers still hold power, against supposed slights from the President, revealed him barking up wrong trees with a vengeance. Willkie's speech did him an injustice; he has on other occasions shown a clearer perception of the nation's needs.

Dewey's address to the National Republican Club was notable for its forthright denunciation of "the American Cliveden set" and its warning against attempts of the ap-

peasers to use the Republican Party for their treasonable schemings. Dewey rejected every suggestion of compromise with the Axis and hit at "periodicals of scarcely veiled fascist leanings," mentioning by name Coughlin's *Social Justice* and the *Silver Shirt Roll Call*.

In a different spirit were the speeches of Landon and Kelland. The latter reiterated an earlier plea for active partisanship and politics-as-usual, which can have no other effect than to disrupt national unity. In this context Kelland's fervent repudiation of appeasement seems like too much protesting on the part of one who up to December 7 was a leading America Firster. Landon most clearly exemplified the sniping tactics of the appeasers. His contribution to victory was a blast at the "totalitarian collectivism" of the New Deal and a demand for an offensive against living standards in the form of a 25 percent reduction in non-military expenditures. This is all grist out of Landon's 1936 speeches, but in the grave emergency of today the implications are far more sinister.



What are YOU doing to free Earl Browder? March 25 will mark the first anniversary of his imprisonment—a year behind bars, a year in which his great abilities and leadership might have been at the active service of the American people. On March 28-29 a national Free Browder Congress will be held in New York City. The call to this congress summons members of trade unions, religious and young people's organizations, civil liberties groups, and all public spirited citizens. It was issued jointly by the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder and a large group of prominent Americans. As the signers of the call point out, "Equal justice to all is the strongest link in the chain of our national morale." Do not let that link weaken: do everything in your power to secure Browder's release, to secure it NOW.

It is not too early to begin separating the sheep from the goats and to start building a comprehensive anti-Axis bloc that will return a Congress dedicated unswervingly to victory and to democracy.

Sleight of Hand

WHAT is State Department policy toward the Free French occupation of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon? Nobody knows, not even those supposed to be directing it. At one time the Department's policy was discreditable, but clear: it was trying to help Vichy, Hitler's faithful valet, recover the islands. In those days Secretary of State Hull informally expressed the opinion that the Free French had violated the Act of Havana which provides that if an effort is made to transfer control of possessions in the Western Hemisphere from one non-American state to another non-American state, these possessions are to be provisionally administered by the American republics.

The State Department attitude aroused such nationwide indignation that no attempt was made to oust the Free French forces which in a referendum had received a ninety-eight percent vote of support from the population of the islands. Meanwhile Vichy has recently been found giving direct help to the Nazis in their Libyan campaign and preparing to do the same for the Japanese in the Far East. And so Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles at his press conference February 13 announced the discovery that the Act of Havana did not, after all, apply to St. Pierre and Miquelon. This was followed the next day by a statement from an anonymous State Department spokesman that the Act of Havana did apply, but that neither the United States nor any other American republic had officially invoked it.

This game of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't is only one more evidence of the utter bankruptcy of the appeasement policy with which the State Department career boys have been trying to buy themselves into the affections of the old men of Vichy. For nine-tenths of the American people, however, St. Pierre and Miquelon are something more than a couple of obscure islands off the Newfoundland coast. They have become the political and intellectual boundaries that divide the world of freedom from the world of Munich and Berlin.

Get Rid of the Spies

ULRICH VON DER OSTEN is no name out of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel: it is the very real name of a very real spy whose fantastic record of operations is now spread over the court records in the current trials in New York's federal courts. Master-spy

von der Osten, who procured full data on Hawaii for his Tokyo and Berlin employers, is only one of the sinister characters sitting in the dock today: others are coming to trial. Millions of Americans are wondering how many other spies are in hiding, or still operating, transmitting information to the Gestapo that will cost the lives of our sons, that will delay and sabotage the war effort.

The current trials reveal another factor: not all the Nazi agents are importations. Laura Ingalls, Lindbergh's close pal, betrayed her birthright by taking money from the Nazi Embassy here to disseminate Goebbels' propaganda among her people. And millions of Americans are beginning to wonder how many Laura Ingalls' are still operating.

NEW MASSES has warned about such dangerous characters for years. In fact, our recent series by John L. Spivak on the America First Committee presented a journalistic indictment which is today verified in courts of law. We pointed out at that time that America First provided an atmosphere in which agents of Hitlerism could flourish: we named names and places. Such information was available—why was it not made public property on a scale much greater than this magazine could afford? Why, many public agencies are today asking, did not the Dies committee put the nation on the qui vive?

One such group asking this question is the National Lawyers Guild: in a fully documented report it proves that Dies, on twenty-nine distinct occasions, refused to expose Nazi and fascist conspiracies which had been brought to the attention of his committee. On the contrary, the committee zealously hounded anti-fascists, spread confusion, and labored to disrupt national unity. The lawyers highlight a question many are asking: how dare this committee, clothed with the authority of Congress, continue existence after so lamentable, so sinister, a record? This question demands reply: the best answer would be the refusal of Congress to provide further funds for the continuance of the Dies committee.

A Memorable Speech

WE DON'T know how many people tuned in on Sen. Claude Pepper's recent speech at the Russian War Relief dinner in New York—millions, it is to be hoped. For the senator from Florida made only two or three points, but they are the most important of our time and he made them with exceeding good logic and eloquence.

"... history will record," remarked Mr. Pepper, "that the power which never failed to see a single ugly feature of hideous Hitlerism was Russia. It was not only that the Russians pondered Hitler's declaration in *Mein Kampf* in 1933 that Germany's course lay to the East in the conquest of Russia;

the Russians unmistakably appreciated that so dynamic and determined a movement as Nazism could not come to rest save in utter defeat or complete victory over the race of man. Clearly to the realistic Russian there was not room enough in the world for Nazism and any other order."

When Russia's collective security efforts had been thwarted by appeasers, Pepper says, "even an amateur strategist can appreciate that in 1939 Russia always a coveted prize, stood in a triangle, the corners of which were Germany, Japan, and Italy. To no power of magnitude anywhere in the world could she look with confidence for aid against attack from either corner" and hence the non-aggression pact with Germany. But, the senator goes on to say, today there is "an unbreakable comradeship of the United Nations, in the vanguard of which march in their might the towering figures of the United States, Britain, Russia, and China."

This "unbreakable comradeship" will win the war; but from the standpoint of strategy it "is easy to see that the fulcrum . . . lies in Russia. Destroy him (Hitler) and you have dried up the source and the incentive for all other assaults. Throw back his mighty army, wear it down, break it apart, use it up, and you are cutting the jugular vein of the Axis. Nobody has done that. Nobody can do it like Russia. That front, therefore, must be strengthened at almost any sacrifice." After calling for an unceasing stream of supplies to the USSR and "more room for the Russians" at the councils on global strategy, Pepper eulogized both the Chinese and Russian people's "superb morale," and reminded the American people that if Russia and China "know that we have withheld nothing within our power to give, nothing of our confidence, nothing of our admiration, nothing of money and weapons, their gallant courage, which has never faltered, will be yet stronger when spring comes and a desperate Hitler and the frantic and devilish Japanese will throw their nations' destinies into a single campaign." Other American statesmen have uttered such sentiments, but rarely have they been stated so clearly—nor can they be stated too often.

Remember the Normandie

IN NEW YORK harbor, helpless on her side, lies the fire-ravaged superliner, the *Normandie*. Though useless for a long time, perhaps forever, she is already more than a ship; like Pearl Harbor, the *Normandie* has become a symbol and a battle cry. It does not matter much whether her burning was due to sabotage or carelessness. In either event negligence of the most criminal kind was to blame. And the naval court of inquiry appointed to investigate the disaster

will have the duty of pulling no punches in assessing responsibility. The attempt made immediately after the fire to blame a couple of workers with an acetylene torch was the kind of dishonest buck-passing that must be ruled out. It is clear that the conditions surrounding the work on the *Normandie* made it easy prey for anyone and anything that might come along. It is those responsible for this state of affairs who should be judged guilty and severely punished.

The flames that swept the decks of the *Normandie* not only deprived us of a giant ship urgently needed in our war against the Axis, but illuminated an unhealthy, most dangerous aspect of our national life. Like Pearl Harbor the burning of the *Normandie* was the rotten fruit of complacency, inefficiency, and incompetence in high places. Both are products of a half-hearted approach to the war which does not scorch the earth in Penang, does not keep a lookout for enemy planes at Pearl Harbor, does not take precautions against sabotage in hundreds of defense plants. That attitude is worth whole divisions to Hitler and the Japanese. If we are to win the war, we must destroy it as mercilessly as we would an enemy force on our soil.

This Is War

FOUR networks and several local stations carry the government's message every Saturday night at seven o'clock (EWT): *This Is War!* It comes in the form of drama, written, produced, directed, and performed by the collective efforts of a large and growing group of America's best known cultural figures. Script writers include Stephen Vincent Benet, Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets, Elmer Rice, and William Robson. The Hollywood Victory Committee supplies actors, while music and other components of radio drama are by the American Guild of Musical Artists, the American Federation of Radio Artists, the American Federation of Musicians, and Actors Equity. Norman Corwin, who wrote and directed the four networks' broadcast celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Bill of Rights, also directs *This Is War!* The producer is H. L. McClinton, who explains in the *New York Times* of February 15 the program's objectives: (1) To inform listeners both at home and abroad of the wartime resources and policies of America and her allies; (2) To help dissipate complacency and overconfidence, while at the same time maintaining faith in America's ability to conduct a successful war; (3) To convey these things as much as possible in simple, graphic, and emotional terms. The government aims to make *This Is War!* heard throughout the world. It deserves a world audience.

Carpathian Partisans

TO NEW MASSES: Carpathian Russia—more correctly called Carpathian Ukraina—has a long history of struggle for liberty. The rugged highland of the Verkhovina is haunted by starvation every winter. The population, the majority of which is of Ukrainian nationality, had to fight for national and social rights even under the Czechoslovak administration, the province having been run by the corrupt Agrarian Party, the party of the September 1938 capitulation. In 1918 the Ukrainian peasants of the Carpathians saw the partition of the big estates under the Hungarian Soviet regime, and they have never forgotten it. And when the authorities of fascist Hungary took over the Carpathian province after the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, wholesale arrests began with the establishment of a terror regime surpassing everything lived through by the peasants of the Verkhovina.

Underground opposition started the very day of Hungarian occupation, and has now taken on the character of real warfare. I think NEW MASSES readers may be interested in reports that have come via London from Uzhorod, capital of Carpathian Ukraina, which tell the story of recent partisan warfare.

The first groups of Carpathian partisans gathering in the forests of the Uzok mountains were composed of experienced anti-fascist workers from the salt mines of Akna Slatina. That is where the Communists had in former years polled eighty percent of all votes. They captured arms from Hungarian gendarmes and got a fairly large transport of Hungarian army munitions by ambushing a supply column en route to the Soviet frontier.

Soon peasants joined the partisans. Many had gotten into conflicts with the new tax collectors and gendarmes. There were daily arrests of peasants who would not comply with the regulations put up under Nazi supervision by the Hungarian authorities. In many cases peasants killed their cattle rather than surrender it, and then turned to the mountains.

Non-commissioned officers of the former Czechoslovak army, a few officers, and many workers with military training became commanders of partisan groups. A sort of unified command of the main groups was set up. The main task in the first weeks was the getting of armaments. The Hungarian authorities had to order their gendarmes not to patrol the highways at night, and not to patrol in groups of less than three men. Special troops were sent into the mountains on "punitive expeditions"; several villages were burned by way of retaliation. But the partisans succeeded in getting arms.

In the first days of September a whole company of the 68th Hungarian regiment—an elite regiment—was surrounded in a mountain pass near Dukla and wiped out. Partisans took over about twenty machine guns, four heavy machine guns, a light mountain artillery piece, a transportable radio set, and a number of small firearms. From then on partisan warfare was waged on a bigger scale. Contacts were made with guerrillas in neighboring Rumania and Western Ukraina. In October the Hungarian Corps Commander in Uzhorod ordered a special hunt for Red Army parachutists who had been dropped over the Verkhovina.

As the results were negative, the Hungarian officers ordered shot a score of peasants arrested under suspicion of "helping the partisans." Thereupon the partisans took reprisals. An illegal leaflet told the Hungarian garrison in Uzhorod that three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Hungarian

Readers Forum

Gendarmerie—with exact names, ranks, enumeration of crimes committed against the population—were taken prisoners and shot as counter-hostages. A few days later the country house of General Nagy-Kedervary near Uzhorod was burned with partisans leaving an inscription on a nearby wall that this was a reprisal for burning the village of V.

And here are some more exploits of Carpathian partisans during the month of October:

Near Sojma partisans derailed a Hungarian troop train. Fourteen cars were smashed. A number of officers and men perished. Much material was destroyed.

In the neighborhood of Poljana an ammunition dump was exploded. The partisans set fire on an army coal deposit and destroyed an oil dump for the Hungarian tank regiment No. 6.

At Selo partisans closed the highway by digging holes. When a motorized unit of Hungarian troops stopped at this place, partisans opened up fire with machine guns and wiped out the whole unit capturing its equipment and arms.

In the village of Ticho partisans made a blitz attack on the Hungarian requisition commission. The escort was killed. The commission slain. The partisans handed back the requisitioned cattle to the peasants. Almost the whole male population thereafter joined the partisans.

The high point of the campaign so far was the capture of a Gestapo official near Volovoj. The partisans knew that he had ordered the shooting of about fifty hostages, among them two women. They forced him to dig his own grave, then he was put before it, and as an illegal leaflet explains, "with his face toward the spot where he had ordered the executions" he was executed by relatives of the hostages. The news of this execution spread like wildfire through the whole country. In many villages bells were rung.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

VILO HORVATH.

Culture in Exile

TO NEW MASSES: Free German culture—anti-Nazi, democratic, and progressive—is not dead. It lives on, as was shown by the article "The War Goebbels Didn't Win" by O. T. Ring (NEW MASSES, February 3), through the carriers of that culture who have been driven from Naziland. I saw that fact demonstrated again on February 7 when "The Tribune," a recently formed group of anti-Nazi German artists, writers, and musicians gave a cultural program in the German language at the New School for Social Research in New York. The main auditorium of the school was crowded and close to 400 persons had to be turned away for lack of space. The Tribune's slogan is "Free Culture in the Land of the Free." Its program included a spirited dramatic reading of Ferdinand Bruckner's play *Rassen* ("Races"), which is directed against Nazi racial persecution; a cast of professional actors participated, among them Eleonore von Mendelsohn and Ludwig Roth. There were also readings from several important German poets, including Heinrich Heine, Ernst Toller, and Berthold Brecht, by the Austrian poet and stage director Berthold Viertel. Several *Lieder* of Franz Schubert and Gustav Mahler were sung by Hans Heinz; and Oskar Maria Graf, Bavarian novelist of the people, spoke forcefully on "Culture and Race."

Nazi Germany is today a cultural wasteland in which vulgarity, obscurantism, cheap sensationalism, and mediocrity pass for literature and art. Dr. Goebbels, the man of mendacity, has become the official arbiter of "culture." It is inspiring to have among us such groups as The Tribune, inheritors of the great tradition of Goethe, Schiller, Holderlin, and Heine. The people of America, engaged in a life-and-death war with Nazism, are strengthened by the courage and integrity of groups like these.

F. F. CUTHBERT.

New York City.

More About Children

TO NEW MASSES: The other day my four-year-old son insisted that his mother cut him some paper dolls. Then he grabbed for the nearest black crayon and began drawing mustaches under each of the doll's noses. That, of course, is nothing new. But when he began tearing and ripping these dolls, at the same time yelling Hitler, then we knew that he had just entered the freshman class in political economy. And my seven-year-old daughter tells me that the kids in the local park have little rhymes which razz Hitler with each bounce of the ball. I asked her to repeat one ditty for me, but she said she couldn't unless the other children were around to chime in.

Now this led me to think, particularly after reading Alvah Bessie's article (NEW MASSES, January 23) that a whole anti-fascist street literature is growing up through our children. I would like to know, and I am sure many others would, what the kids are saying. That, it seems to me, would make an extremely interesting article and I hope that NEW MASSES gets someone to do it real soon.

HERBERT G. STARNES.

Los Angeles.

Agreed

TO NEW MASSES: I wish that in the interests of a more balanced publication you would print more material about scientific developments. This, I need not tell you, is an extremely rich field both in terms of ideas and information. A person like myself wants to be keen politically. But I also realize that politics is the framework in which many other aspects of our life operates. It is these aspects, notably advances in technology, etc., which are all too rarely discussed in NEW MASSES.

Let me give you an example. For weeks Bruce Minton from Washington and you in your editorial pages have been writing trenchantly about the problem of conversion. Perhaps to engineers the word conversion is no mystery. To me it is a word with extremely limited meaning. I understand the idea in its political connotation. I know it means greater production and is one of the key factors in fulfilling our victory program. But think how much more meaning "conversion" would have if you ran a piece telling us exactly what it means in the factory, how it is achieved, what are some of the technical problems. If written lucidly and popularly, such an article would open wider the door of understanding.

There are a dozen other scientific subjects which have a rightful place in NEW MASSES. So this is a complaint to a magazine which I have read and disagreed with on many issues for years, but which I feel is one of our most valued institutions.

ORA MARSH.

Birmingham, Ala.

"BLUEPRINT FOR VICTORY"

"I ask you to beware of easy confidence," W. L. Batt warned. A key figure in the War Production Board urges America to realize that "1942, this very year, is the crucial year. . . ."

Mr. Batt's speech was delivered to the annual Advertising Awards Banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, on February 6—a week before the fall of Singapore. The speech was released to the morning newspapers, but so far as we know, it has not appeared elsewhere in full. Mr. Batt is director of the Materials Division in the War Production Board. He is also a member of the joint United States-Britain Raw Materials Board and was in the American delegation to the Moscow Conference last September. He was formerly connected with the SKF Ball-Bearing Corp. Our reasons for printing the speech will be obvious to the reader.—The Editors

I AM going to say a few unpleasant things which for some time I have felt needed saying, as I do not believe we are thoroughly awake to the seriousness of what I believe lies ahead. I find all around me a smugness and satisfaction which to my mind are entirely unjustified and I would like to tell you why.

The United States of America—this place we make our home—this sprawling, restless giant of a land—this breeding place of ideas and inventions and progress—this refuge of all peoples with a genius for freedom—this America that can be described a thousand ways and never defined, is engaged in a life and death war. This is nothing new for us. But not since the days of the revolution, have we ever had much of a chance to lose a war.

And we have a chance to lose this one.

Why should I insist on this gloomy attitude? I know that General MacArthur is still holding out in the Philippines. I know that American flyers are proving to be better than the Japanese over the Burma Road. I know that Navy torpedo boats have made daring raids on Japanese harbors; that the fleet sank a lot of ships in a convoy in the Macassar Straits; and that the Russians still are throwing back the Nazis. I know all these things.

BUT I also know that General MacArthur's forces are desperately outnumbered and that it is extremely difficult to relieve him. I also know that Hong Kong is gone and Singapore is under siege. And that if Singapore goes down the whole Far Eastern theater may be lost; and if the Burma Road is closed, it will be next to impossible for us to continue to help the Chinese; and that the Nazis are on the offensive again in North Africa; and that while Russia has regained some ground, she still has a long way to go. I know, too, that Axis submarines are sinking our ships only a few miles out of the port of New York.

It seems to me that too much attention is being paid to minor air engagements in which American flyers down two

Japanese planes and lose one and not enough attention is being paid to the enemy's steady progress against our vital outposts.

Suppose we do lose the whole of the Far East and all the critical supplies we need from that area.

Suppose the Germans finally succeed in Africa and take Suez, which would be tantamount to taking the whole Middle East.

Suppose Hitler does start a new and successful offensive in Russia in the spring. I have recently been to Moscow and have a great confidence in the Russian Army and an almost boundless admiration for the courage and determination of the Russian people. But this man Hitler, who has told more infamous lies than any other leader of history, also has made good on more dastardly boasts than any other leader.

Suppose all of these things happen; and all of them can happen. Where would we be? I do not like to think about the answer to that question. But I feel that I must think about it. And so must every other American. We must think about it lest we lose sight of the importance of seeing to it that we never get in that position.

We must think about these things so we don't kid ourselves. This is no time for self-hypnotism. We're big. We're strong. We're tough. Yes. But so is the other fellow. He caught us offguard once and he's sparring around now, doing a little infighting, waiting for us to get careless or to get cocky and turn around to wave to the audience. Let's not be grandstanders. This fellow can hurt us and hurt us badly. And he has a plan. You can be sure that he knows just how he is going to try to catch us.

Well, we have a plan too. The President gave it to us in his address to Congress on the state of the Union. He gave us a Blueprint for Victory. That blueprint is 60,000 airplanes, 45,000 tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns and 8,000,000 tons of shipping in 1942 and greater figures for 1943. It doesn't take an engineer to read that blueprint, but it takes more than an engineer to put it into effect. To produce those planes and tanks and guns and ships will take more machines and materials and men working harder and faster than ever before in the history of this or any other country.

But it will take more than that. For this is a great national emergency. This is crisis. This is danger—gigantic, imminent threatening danger. We cannot afford to misunderstand these things. And we do not understand them today. Let me repeat: not enough of us realize that we can lose this war.

AND so we need, to produce the equipment called for in our Blueprint for Victory, a hard, grim, realistic spirit. We need the will—the constant, driving unflagging will to win. We need it not only on the battlefields and in the air and on the sea. We need it too—and to no lesser degree—in the offices and in the factories—at the bench and at the lathe and at the plow—we need it in the homes and, yes, we need it in the hearts and hands and minds of 130,000,000 Americans.

You men have great confidence in the wondrous productive facilities of this country and so have I. Some of you have helped build those facilities. All of you are proud of them. You are convinced—and rightly so—that nowhere on the face of the earth can be found comparable machines and skills for production. You probably feel that some day these facilities will pour forth a torrent of war equipment the like of which has never been seen before in all of history. Is it not true that the great automobile industry, the symbol of our mechanical genius and of mass production, is being converted 100 percent to the manufacture of munitions? Yes, that is true. It is true that it is being converted. It is also true that some of those facilities

will not turn out a weapon for six months, for nine months, for a year.

In the meantime MacArthur hangs on by the skin of his teeth, by his masterful generalship, by the bravery of his men.

In the meantime the Japanese are hammering at Singapore.

In the meantime the invader comes closer to the oil fields and tin mines and rubber plantations of the East Indies.

In the meantime Tobruk is again threatened by the Nazis.

In the meantime our ships are going down under the foul blows of the marauders hiding under the waters of the Atlantic.

Weapons produced a year from now will not help us hold the outposts now under siege. Only weapons produced tomorrow can help us.

I want you to understand the importance—the downright historical importance—of tomorrow. When our fighting forces engage the enemy late in 1942 and in early 1943 they will be fighting with weapons produced in the next few months. They must have those weapons if they are to win.

I want you to understand this. And I want every other American to understand it. Some of you here tonight can help achieve that understanding because you regularly talk to the public through your newspapers and magazines and through your advertising and through your business and social connections.

Once that fact has been brought home—the fact that 1942,

this very year, is the crucial year—then we shall have that spirit and will to win of which I spoke.

I ask you to think this over carefully.

I ask you to beware of easy confidence.

I ask you to balance the good news we get of a victory here and there against a very grim over-all picture.

AND once we have come to see and fully understand the dark sides of this picture, then we shall, like the British after Dunkirk, rise up in our full might and fury, firm in the knowledge of our rightness, sure in the confidence of our ultimate strength, steadfast in our unshakable purposes.

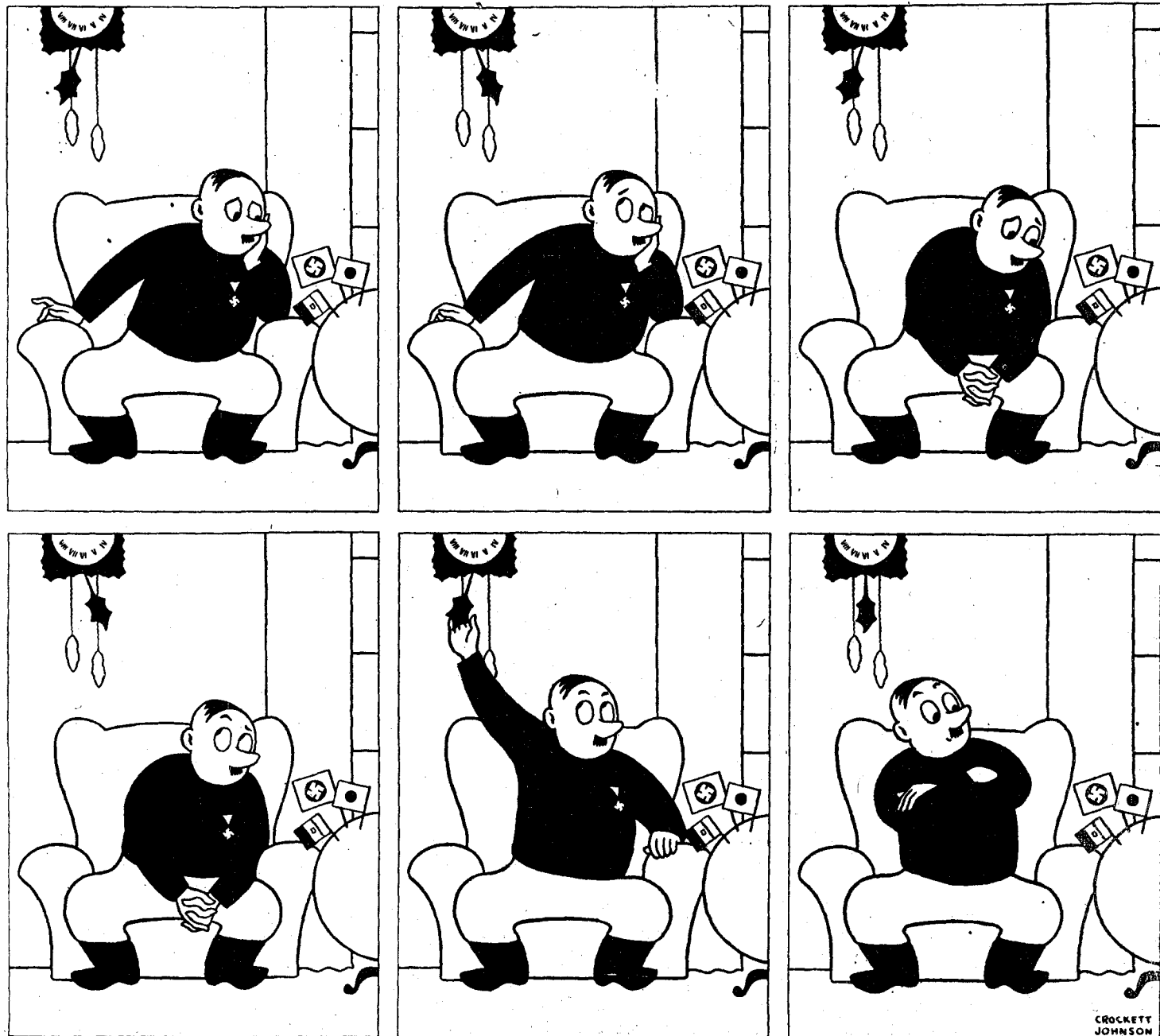
Then we shall not quibble if we are hurt. We shall not blanch at the inevitable setbacks. We shall not worry about what is going to happen to us in the future.

Then we shall get the production we need.

Then we shall fulfill our Blueprint for Victory.

Then we shall work and sweat and sacrifice—now—tomorrow—in the months to come—so that 1942 and 1943 and as long as is necessary thereafter shall bring us news of victory following upon victory, until that final day in this awful chapter of history when the forces of Nazism and all it stands for shall be wiped forever from the face of this feverish world.

W. L. BATT.



SNIPERS AT MORALE

Some leading Americans give New Masses their opinions of the furore raised against the Office of Civilian Defense. The congressmen who took a vacation from the war to axe the recent appointments.

Reid Robinson

*Pres., Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers;
Vice Pres. CIO*

THE attacks on the Office of Civilian Defense appointments from the reactionary press, congressmen, and others are of the same cloth as Premier Hepburn's sly digs at the American Navy. They spread confusion and disunity among the people at a time when clarity and solidarity are most necessary. I am sure the entire labor movement resents this dirty business and reiterates its pledge of support to the government in its prosecution of the war to save freedom. Dean Landis can do a better job if he and his associates know that they have the confidence of the American people. The chief thing wrong with the civilian defense program in the eyes of those responsible for this latest attack is that they see the people organizing. Poll-tax and appeaser congressmen and newspapers dread the thought that unity strengthens democracy.

Budd Schulberg

*Screen writer, author What Makes Sammy Run?
West Los Angeles.*

IN THESE critical times, when minutes count, I think all of us should take a moment to consider the splendid work that Congressman Leland Ford of my district is doing for us in Washington. As one of the statesmen criticizing Mrs. Roosevelt for her OCD appointments, Mr. Ford pointed to Melvyn Douglas as a man who has not only supported Mr. Roosevelt through two administrations, but has also changed his name from something longer and less Anglo-Saxon.

But even Mr. Ford, with his finger on public pulse, does not seem to realize the significance of his discovery. Steps should be taken at once to protect the nation against the efforts of Arlington Brugh to work his way into army camps camouflaged as a movie star called Robert Taylor. The British Red Cross should return to Archie Leach the thousands of dollars he cleverly thrust upon them under the alias of Cary Grant. While Japanese swarm over Singapore and Hirohito

bombers blast MacArthur's forces it is particularly encouraging to know that our interests are being defended by a congressman who has not lost his head in this emergency, a man who is not fooled by the sound and fury of the Pacific into forgetting where his real enemy lies, or the big house on Pennsylvania Avenue in which she lives.

Jerome Chodorov

Playwright, My Sister Eileen, Junior Miss

REGARD the attack by certain irresponsible congressmen on the appointments of the OCD as a vicious and backdoor thrust at the administration's effort to create a real people's front to prosecute the war. Their attempt to deride the power and influence of the screen and stage on the morale of our nation is reminiscent of Hitler's creed of anti-intellectualism. As a writer for the films and the theater I resent their outright implication that we have nothing to contribute to the national effort. This is but another facet of the pre-war Clark-Wheeler Senate committee investigating Hollywood. Let's have an investigation of our own.

Rockwell Kent

Pres., United American Artists, UOPWA

THE current attacks in Congress on certain official appointments in the Office of Civilian Defense are a repetition in kind and in quality of the attacks that were made a few years ago upon the Arts Projects of WPA—attacks that destroyed the Theater Project and seriously crippled all the others. They were then, and they are today, an expression of such ignorance as is not a credit to the American Congress.

In a time of national crisis ignorance become vociferous and fortified with legislative power is dangerous. The appointments in the Office of Civilian Defense which are being objected to were made in recognition—unhappily too long deferred—of the arts as a potentially powerful agency for the building and maintenance of the exalted will to victory which is even now so tragically lacking in the American people as a whole.

It is fair to assume that those congressmen who are now attacking the Office of Civilian Defense appointments were not elected to office because of their cultural attainments. If they would now confine themselves to matters more properly within their field they'd earn a nation's gratitude.

Senator Sheridan Downey

California

In response to NEW MASSES' telegram Senator Downey sent his remarks delivered on the floor of the Senate on February 9 with permission to reprint excerpts from them.

MORALE is a subtle quality. It is not always easy to know what things are essential to it. A nation can often endure appalling sacrifices and give up all accustomed comforts with its morale unimpaired. But I think it is safe to say that a nation which closes off its people's ordinary avenues of entertainment and relaxation will find itself with lower public morale than a nation which keeps them open. And that is because in wartime, even more than in peacetime, we need refreshment of spirit. Our added burdens draw increasingly upon our nervous resources, if we cannot relax and enjoy ourselves, forget the war and its anxieties, then we shall be the weaker for it. We shall be more tense and less resilient. We shall be incapable of the long, hard pull before us.

Herbert Benjamin

Executive Secretary, IWO

CONSIDERING the fact that OCD was started belatedly from scratch, its progress surely compares well with that of the older military services. Its major weaknesses have been due first to the general complacency and unwarranted confidence that until recently characterized public reaction to our danger; and second that it has tried to do what is impossible—satisfy the reactionary and pro-fascist opponents of all enlightened social policy by ignoring the people's organizations which can be most counted upon to support

and help realize the whole program of the OCD. Less appeasement of the appeasers and more encouragement of mass initiative would seem to be the answer to critics of OCD.

Senator James M. Mead

New York

IN THE interest of national morale and unity so vital in achieving victory, all attacks upon the government whether they be upon the executive, judicial, or legislative branches are fraught with danger and in most cases are detrimental to the republic's war effort. Constructive criticism is always in order in a democracy, but current attacks upon the Congress and upon some of our defense agencies, I fear, go entirely too far. If partisanship is to take a vacation for the duration, then partisanship should have no place in these recurring attacks upon the government. To present both sides freely and fairly affords the best opportunity for the patriotic writers and publicists to make their contributions.

Rep. Vito Marcantonio

New York

THE attacks on OCD are attacks on administration policy. This is a new technique of the appeasers and enemies of a victory program. This method is subtle, but it must be recognized as aid to Hitler. However, the administration must take its share of the blame for these new efforts of the traitors to our cause. They represent the interest which the administration is collecting on its appeasement investment. The capitulation of the administration to domestic fascism every day is the main cause of its inability to stem the tide of fascist attacks on the democratic war program. I, of course, support the administration but must necessarily deplore its surrender to those forces that are every day, with increasing brazenness, putting in effect their pro-fascist offensive against our democratic war program. The support of the Dies committee by the administration is just an example of its crawling before a group which is doing the storm troop work of our domestic Hitlerism.

Lewis Merrill

Pres., United Office and Professional Workers

APPROXIMATELY 2,000,000 white collar workers, a responsible government agency estimates, will become unemployed in 1942. This may provide a major problem in the coming months. It could seriously hamper the fullest war effort if it were not eared. Fortunately, the Office of Civilian Defense exists. It can function on this problem as well as those of air raid precautions, etc. Because most of this unemployment will occur in graphic arts, and service fields generally, an OCD program looking to the fullest utilization of the facilities of the Graphic Arts industry will go far toward solving this problem. It is the only device in the government which can be used simultaneously as shock absorber and direct agency for the protection of the people and the organization of every effort which can help win the war.

Building the Will to Victory

Last week Arthur Upham Pope declared that "Everywhere there is an association of human beings for a common and useful end, that association must be kept alive." Mr. Pope, chairman of the Committee for National Morale, made that statement in an address before the Psychologists League Conference on Psychology of Wartime Morale, Saturday, Feb. 7. He gave NEW MASSES permission to reprint the following excerpts from his address.—The Editors.

IF WE have a corrupted or enfeebled sense of value, then we enter this war half disarmed—because the great support, the one creative foundation of morale is the belief that something is supremely worthwhile, and that I want the defense, or the enhancement, or realization of that something more than anything else in the world.

And if you know clearly what that is, then you serve it well in all kinds of ways: in courage, yes—in patience; in tremendous activity, yes—in tiresome and exhausting and depressing waiting—in every single expression of human activity. Once the principle is clearly envisaged and loyalty delivered to that ideal, then you have the source of a great morale creator within you that will carry you through every kind of vicissitude. . . .

Morale is a two-way process—and that is why the fascist morale is not sound. You cannot have morale distributed from a single center. It must also flow in from every part of the social complex. And as it does flow in, and flow back and forth—in criticism, in enlightenment, in mutual interchange, in a sense of participation—then we get a morale fabric that is tough and that is durable. But in the fascist morale, coming out from one center, you get a brittle morale that, once its normal functioning is interrupted or frustrated, leaves vacua, leaves all kinds of unsustained functions that are likely to collapse and fall back upon themselves.

So we have to keep alive in this country all the types of social unity and organization that make for the maintenance of this stout morale: we must not give up our music. We are not to close our universities. We must keep open even our theaters—yes, even our golf clubs.

Everywhere there is an association of human beings for a common and a useful end, that association must be kept alive. And they are doing precious war work who help to keep alive and more efficient every type of valuable group organization and activity.

If we have to sacrifice—and we shall—well, cosmetics and chewing gum might go—that's one way. (And that would be enough to build a battleship a week, I suppose, or something of that sort.) But there are lots of other things, more important sacrifices that we must make: we might melt up brass hats. And we might do something else: we might discard a lot of our own prejudices—and we are crammed full of them. There is nobody so intellectually pure and lofty that he doesn't carry inside some kind of bias that he ought to uproot. These various prejudices interfere with our elementary understanding of the great issues. They make trouble from one end of this country to the other, and they are the fertile soil for rumor, with all the poison and demoralization that rumor breeds.

So let us keep alive those cultural traditions, those cultural opportunities and occupations that make us a nation worth saving. Don't surrender them without a fight. Don't let us become a cultural wilderness that is not worth defending. Do not let the Nazis get a cheap victory over the normal, fundamental character of American life merely through panic and excitement and being victimized by phrases.

If we can keep alive our cultural activities, and if we keep alive all those units within the social structure that give us stability and force, we shall have a continuous flow of sound morale coming up from underneath long after morale has broken up that was based upon lies and fraud and cruelty—a morale that is based on a real understanding of the ultimate issues; that is determined not solely on mere victory, but on ultimate triumph; that is determined not merely on persuasion, nor by exhortation or denunciation, but on the concrete activities of building a world where decent men can live the good life together, as Aristotle said of the Good City. That is an ideal which we have to work for, it is feasible—and it is the greatest of all morale builders.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.

HELMET AND GOWN

Education-as-usual is bounced off the campus. Morris Schappes surveys what colleges and students are doing in laboratory and classroom. New areas of research.

ON THE day after Pearl Harbor the college population, in dormitory or private home, was anchored to the radio like the rest of us. On December 8 the classroom was much like the factory, the farmhouse, the office, or the knots around the corner newsstand. Two questions predominated: What has happened? What can I, must I do? On the West Coast, of course, minimum physical precautions had to be taken instantly to protect life, plant, libraries, and archives.

But there were problems more complex than this elemental physical protection. Where was your battle station to be in a war that virtually made a front line of every laboratory, factory, farm, and library? Was it more important to enlist in the armed forces than to continue learning how to become a chemist, doctor, or teacher? And who was to decide?

In August President Roosevelt had advised the college youth as follows: "We must have well educated and intelligent citizens who have sound judgment in dealing with the difficult problems of today. We must also have scientists, engineers, economists, and other people with specialized knowledge, to plan and build for national defense as well as for social and economic progress. Young people should be advised that it is their patriotic duty to continue the normal course of their education, unless and until they are called, so that they will be well prepared for greatest usefulness to their country. They will be promptly notified if they are needed for other patriotic services." The President reaffirmed this statement a fortnight after Pearl Harbor. However, it meant not "education as usual"—far from it—but a regulated conversion of the campus into a center of intelligent training for total war.

TO GIVE new impetus to the planning for such conversion, the National Committee on Education and Defense of the American Council on Education and the National Education Association called a conference of college and university presidents for January 3 and 4 in Baltimore, attended by about 1,000 administrators. There they found out, among other things, what the armed forces need in the way of college trained men. Joseph W. Barker, former dean of the Columbia School of Engineering, and now special assistant to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, told the assembled presidents: "The Navy needs 7,000 seniors now in college, or college graduates, as prospective officers. Seniors who enlist today will not be called to active duty before next June. They will thus have time to graduate. In addition, the Navy needs 7,000 men now in their junior year in college as prospective officers. If such students enlist today, it is contemplated they may complete their education and graduate in 1943 before being ordered to active duty." And then the Marine Corps was intending to enlist 3,000 seniors, 2,000 juniors, and 500 sophomores, ultimately to be trained for Commissions. But the Naval Aviation branches need all of 30,000 college men per year. As a conservative sum, Mr. Barker asked the colleges to prepare at least 50,000 men as officer personnel for the Navy.

Then Col. Benjamin W. Venable of the War Department sketched the outlook of the Army. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps, operating in some 150 colleges, now produces

10,000 officers per year. The ROTC will be maintained, *but not extended* into new colleges, nor will it increase the number of students trained. Colonel Venable's stated reason is most instructive and encouraging: "The inducted or enlisted soldier must be given an opportunity for advancement as a morale factor whether he has been to college or not." The regular Army officer candidate schools, with students recruited from the ranks of the privates, are already producing 14,000 officers per year. One is permitted to wonder, in passing, whether the Navy is as concerned in encouraging the enlisted man to rise in the service. Colonel Venable gave assurance that the militarization of the campus that characterized the first world war was not contemplated. About the student army training corps then instituted, he quoted a university president to the effect that it "gave enough military training to destroy the curriculum, but not enough to produce good soldiers. Thus it was bad for education without being good for military training." The current needs of the Army Air Corps, however, are great: 60,000 college trained men per year!

In such a context the problem of the Selective Service administration is not only to find out who *can* be drafted but, equally important, who *should* be. Although our Selective Service Act does not provide for categorical deferment, the latest practice with reference to certain types of college students is embodied in the memorandum issued on April 21, 1941, by Brig. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey. Recognizing that there is already a shortage of trained personnel in chemistry, in civil, chemical, electrical, mechanical, and mining and metallurgical engineering, General Hershey recommends that the local draft boards give "the most serious consideration" to "the individual occupational deferment" of students in these courses. He also notes that there is an anticipated shortage of persons qualified in agricultural and sanitary engineering, dentistry, pharmacy, physics, medicine, biology and bacteriology, and geology (geophysics, meteorology, hydrology, and cartography), and poses the problem of "preventing any unnecessary increase of these shortages."

Certain shortages are already known to be acute: in engineering, medicine, and pharmacy. At present there are some 160 engineering schools with 55,000 students, of whom 12,000 graduate annually, and 22,000 medical students in seventy schools, with 5,000 graduated annually. In pharmacy the situation is alarming: there are only fifty-eight accredited schools graduating 1,700 annually, a number insufficient even to replace the normal peacetime losses in the profession. To a certain extent these shortages result from the systematic practice of racial and religious discrimination. I myself know of many a Jewish student who turned away from a career in engineering and medicine because of the difficulty of obtaining advanced training and employment. It is known, for instance, that about 500 Jewish students, who went to Scotland to begin their medical training, cannot continue their training here; cannot get visas to return to Scotland to complete their study, and they are being rejected by American medical schools. It should also be noted that although there is a great unfilled need for trained nurses, Negro qualified nurses are still being given the cold white shoulder.

SPEED in filling these needs is the word that came out of the Baltimore Conference. Accelerating education without impairing its quality is the watchword. Inter-session periods, spring vacations, national holidays are being eliminated or reduced in order that the Class of 1942 may be graduated four or six weeks earlier. At Brown and Northwestern universities *high school juniors* who qualify for admission will be accepted.

Summer sessions are being instituted where they did not exist (Queens College, for instance), and expanded in other places. Instead of six or eight weeks they will last twelve, thirteen, or fifteen weeks, and constitute a full term's work. At Dartmouth seventy-seven percent of the students either plan or want to take summer work with the present semester ending May 10. Those who haven't decided are worried about finances, which are frequently replenished by summer employment. At the Baltimore Conference, Dr. John W. Studebaker, commissioner of education, announced that the federal government was prepared to spend from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually in *student subsidies*. Some funds have already been spent. Last year Congress appropriated \$175,000,000 to the Office of Education for vocational training; 155 colleges and universities offered federally financed training; 220,000 students attended courses in engineering, science, and management to train technical and supervisory personnel for defense industries. Yet Dr. Studebaker's statement was received with amazing coolness. Many of the college presidents are afraid of federal aid! Instead of instantly snapping at the idea, these administrators succeeded in passing a resolution merely to "study the problem." If federal aid was necessary before the war to help out many of our blighted educational areas, surely it is now a matter of educational survival, of national life or death, of victory or defeat.

TOGETHER with acceleration, however, enrichment and re-orientation of the curriculum are required. Certain obvious things are being done. Health education is stressed everywhere. Ballistics, chemical warfare, and map-reading are widely taught. Brown and Harvard are introducing courses in Russian, Yale offers training in oral Japanese, Harvard and a few other institutions teach Oriental languages. Spanish and Portuguese are growingly popular, the latter because it is the language of Brazil. Courses in Latin American relations and cultures are being offered in many colleges (while thousands of Latin American students are now enrolled in our universities). New York University is preparing to train teachers for nursery schools and child care centers. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has a special course in plant and factory protection. Western Reserve University is emphasizing propaganda analysis and semantics, but is also introducing courses on our national resources, Western Hemisphere cooperation, on wages, hours, production, and living standards. The University of Vermont has a course on games to play during blackouts.

Sprouting everywhere are courses in democracy, democratic thought and ideals, democratic history. The content of these courses is diverse. To what extent democracy includes the Negro, the contributions of immigrant groups, and the due role of labor is usually determined by the individual teacher's particular level of understanding. Perhaps labor, as it makes its way into the councils of production in order to achieve an all-output, will also find time to demand its place in lay councils of education to guarantee that it is not being neglected or misrepresented in the colleges while it is doing more than yeoman



"Which way's Italy, Germany, and Japan?"

duty in the factory. Unionized teachers in the colleges need to make this vigilance a part of their program and endeavor.

One curricular problem which looms large is the role of the liberal arts college. There is a danger that legitimate discontent with the liberal arts curriculum that grew out of its tendency to lag behind social reality may become the occasion for too drastic operations. Such cultural primitivism would be dangerous and unnecessary. While beleaguered Leningrad witnesses regular graduation ceremonies at the Academy of Arts, meetings devoted to the 500th anniversary of the "great Uzbek poet Navoi" in the Academy of Sciences, performances of *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*, the publication by the Geographical Society of a volume on the 450th anniversary of the discovery of America, it would be pathetic for us to play fast and loose with the liberal arts curriculum. Serious educators must see to it that constructive revision does not become destruction. The abolition of the foreign language requirement for engineering students at the City College in New York lacks wisdom, especially since American engineers will more and more be stationed in foreign countries during the next few years. Lopsided extension of physical science and pre-professional training at the expense of social science and the arts is a serious error. To win the war, students must understand their world today socially and politically as well as chemically or biologically. In their way, properly integrated, our history, our literature, and our music are as potent weapons as our navy or air fleet.

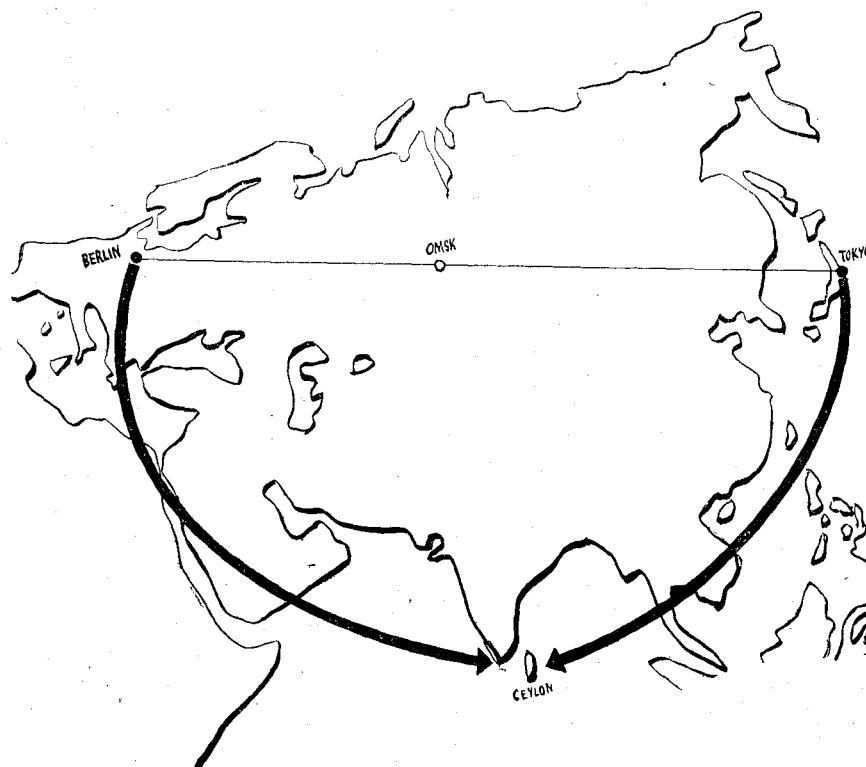
In the area of research, the contributions of university scientists have already been of major significance, but more will be done when the work is properly organized and allocated. A year ago there was compiled a National Roster of Scientific and Professional Personnel. This personnel is far from being used to the hilt. Most of the research projects are concentrated in a few big universities, leaving thousands of competent and willing scientists in the small colleges out of the war effort.

The argument that the small colleges have no adequate equipment for important research is faulty. By the proper breaking down of projects into component parts and by teaming pairs and groups of scientists from various colleges (a practice common in the Soviet Union), many more thousands of scientists could be put to work on centrally controlled research that would multiply the total output. Nevertheless, the achievements are many. At the University of California Dr. Charles Pecher devised "a new method of taking X-ray photographs of parts of airplanes and other machines" which makes photos through two inches of steel. At Yale Dean Meeks of the Department of Architecture has been conducting studies in camouflage, planning of hospitals, decentralization, evacuation, bomb-proof shelters, defense of industrial plants, and has designed a model air-raid-proof factory. Several psychologists are working on tests to weed out would-be pilots susceptible to air sickness. There are many problems; not all have been defined; too few are under systematic investigation.

CONTACT between higher education and government agencies is now provided for in the Wartime Commission of the United States Office of Education, with Commissioner Studebaker as chairman. This commission of thirty-three is rather broadly representative of college administrators, but also includes Miss Selma Borchardt, Washington representative of the American Federation of Teachers; Ralph Himstead, executive secretary of the American Association of University Professors; Rev. George Johnson, director of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference; Dean Charles H. Thompson of Howard University, representing the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools for Negroes; and Pres. John W. Davis of West Virginia State College, representing the Conference of Negro Land-Grant Colleges. The commission has a Divisional Committee on Higher Education, which will act as clearing house, unofficial coordinator, and transmission



A drawing by Aaron Douglas from "Winter Soldiers"



The Axis arc of blood and iron discussed by Col. T. on the next page.

belt for proposals to be placed before appropriate government agencies. It is noteworthy that superior leadership from Washington and responsive cooperation from the colleges themselves have produced a more rapid wartime conversion in the colleges than in the general field of industrial production. There are no serious vested bottlenecks in the field of higher education, and no dollar-a-year educators impeding production. College presidents unsympathetic, indifferent, or hostile to the national war drive are compelled to resort to subtle opposition, while their staffs and students sweep on beyond them.

College youth are also exhibiting a healthful and natural interest in postwar problems. Formally and informally they are doing more studying and talking about this subject than is to be found, perhaps, in other sections of the population. Caution is needed to prevent the problem of postwar reconstruction from being divorced from the immediate and determining problem of winning the war. There is a real danger here because many who oppose the war disguise their hostility by diverting attention to mere speculation about the world after the conflict. Students and teachers alike will be on guard against this tendency. To invert Clausewitz' profound observation that war is a continuation of politics by other means, we may say that the peace will be the continuation of the politics of the war by other means. In this sense those who win the war will win the peace. A labor movement growing stronger in the process of destroying the Axis will be the better able to influence the direction of the peace. Trained and organized college students and staffs will carry their weight in this process.

The beginnings made in the colleges are good in themselves and promise more. But the process is not mechanical or automatic. The Baltimore Conference laid stress upon each college's taking the initiative in developing projects and forms of contributions. There is room for imagination, resourcefulness, devotion, and hard work. There is need for vigilance and constructive proposals from alert teachers and students. They have a war to win.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

THE MIKADO'S OLD DREAM

Colonel T. describes Japan's plan of conquest. The change of strategy from the chord "Berlin-Omsk-Tokyo" to the arc "Berlin-Ceylon-Tokyo."

THIS writer confesses to owning a Rand McNally atlas of the world. At the time when the German Ambassador in Tokyo, General Ott, signed the preliminary agreement between Germany and Japan for the "exchange of information," (meaning that German spies would work for Japan in "white" countries and Japanese spies would work for Germany in "yellow" countries) I took the map of Eurasia and marked it with two red pencil strokes. One red line started at Berlin and ran through the "Bagdad route," pointing its arrow at Ceylon. The other line started at Tokyo, crossed the Malay Peninsula, and pointed its arrow at Ceylon, too. And the few people who were privileged to see this work of art of mine expressed the opinion that I belonged in the ranks of the mentally underprivileged.

Some four or five years have passed and my red lines are thrown into bold relief by the military events of the moment. The German arrow line has advanced about 2,000 miles to the vicinity of Tobruk. A branch of it is hovering on Crete, 1,500 miles from its starting point on the banks of the Spree. The line has some 3,000 miles to go. The Japanese arrow line has reached Martaban and Singapore. It has already covered some 3,500 miles and has only a little over 1,000 miles to go.

Of the whole huge Arc of Conquest from Berlin to Ceylon (symbolically speaking) to Tokyo—roughly 9,000 miles long—5,000 miles have been covered by enemy forces. A distance of some 4,000 miles separates the jaws of the huge pincers menacing the world, and in particular the colonial body of the British empire. The fall of Singapore has hurled the Japanese branch of the pincers into the limelight. So let us concentrate on the evaluation of its truly lightning-like progress.

IN THIS CONNECTION let me remark in passing that here again I stubbornly repeat what I said about the German military might after the fall of France and what can be applied to the Japanese military machine with a vengeance: *It is rolling on because it has not yet met anything approaching its match.*

The Germans, of course, have met their match on the Soviet front. The Japanese have met it in China and on the great horse-shoe of the Manchukuo border. The meeting of the German and Japanese "Aryan brothers" somewhere between the Urals and Lake Baikal has been indefinitely postponed. This is why, contrary to the tenets of the original plan of conquest, aggression has to run along the line of least resistance, i. e. not along the "chord" Berlin-Omsk-Tokyo, but along the bloody "arc" Berlin-Ceylon-Tokyo.

The original plan I mentioned above, as far as the Japanese part of it is concerned, was fully embodied in the famous Tanaka Memorandum presented to the emperor of Japan by Premier Tanaka on July 25, 1927. It is interesting to quote one paragraph from it:

"In order to defend itself and others and in order to overcome difficulties in Eastern Asia, Japan will have to carry out a policy of blood and iron. But in carrying out such a policy, it will come face to face with the United States. . . . If we want in the future to take control over China into our hands, we shall have to crush the United States, i. e. treat them as we treated [Russia] in the Russo-Japanese War. But in order to conquer China, we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. In order to conquer the world, we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, all the other countries of Asia as well as the countries of the South Seas will be afraid of us and will capitulate. The world will understand that Eastern Asia is ours and will not dare dispute our rights. This plan is the legacy of Emperor Meidzi Tenno (1852-1912) and its success is a vital factor of our national existence."

So here we have a clear blueprint. The order of conquest is as follows: Manchuria and Mongolia, China (with a concurrent conflict with the United States), the world. In evaluating things to come in the Pacific, we should always bear in mind that the blueprint and the order of conquest have been upset. The keystone of the plan—China—has *not* been conquered. Neither has all of Mongolia.

Japan is trying to meet Germany in India without having secured its continental flank. It is performing a huge 5,000-mile flank march over seas, islands, and peninsulas with its right flank open to attack from Ningpo, south of Shanghai, to Canton, Yunnanfu, and Rangoon. This flank march has netted Japan great advantages, so far. The fall of Singapore provides the long sea line of the Japanese Navy with a spearhead base. It can now do well without Cavite, should General MacArthur succeed in preventing its use by the enemy for some time to come. It is also possible and even quite probable that in a few days Japanese submarines and even surface warships will make their appearance in the Indian Ocean and that shells will be pumped into Madras and Colombo. The pincers around Java will attempt to close their jaws from Sumatra and Celebes, with a central thrust from Borneo at the only United Nations naval base at Surabaya (and a second class base, at that).

Because of the very character of the theater of war in the South Seas, which actually consists of island stepping stones, possible operations are marked by the interlocking circles

of fighter plane range. It must be conceded that such circles drawn with a radius of 350 miles from air bases now available to the Japanese cover the entire area from Mandalay in Burma, to Sabang at the northwestern tip of Sumatra, along the southwestern shores of Sumatra and Java, to Timor and the western tip of New Guinea. So far, with the notable exception of China and Luzon, the Japanese have been able to take any point covered by the shadow of their fighters, escorting bombers.

It would seem realistic to be prepared to face the complete domination of the East Indies by the enemy. In any case long range war plans should be predicated on just such a contingency. This means that China, Burma, India, and Australia become the springboards for a future offensive which will certainly start with the cutting of the 3,000-mile long Japanese line of communications. Through this line Japan must suck up the riches of the East Indies if she is to survive. Through this line she must feed and arm her legions spread from the Salween River in Burma, to Palembang, to Amboina, Davao, and Bataan.

Because the United Nations' sea and air power is not available in sufficient quantities this line at present is most difficult to attack. In this connection a stark illustration of the global character of the war is provided by the fact that the return of the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Prinz Eugen* to their berths at Kiel makes it still less possible to detach a single unit of the British or US Navies from service in the Atlantic and Mediterranean for service in the South Seas. For the global character of the war demands that Japan and her Axis allies be defeated by destroying the keystone of their structure—Nazi Germany—on the European land base.

NEVERTHELESS, Japan now has laid her hands on thirty-six percent of the world's output of tin and forty percent of the world's output of rubber in British Malaya and is about to hog twenty-eight percent more tin and forty-eight percent more rubber in the Netherlands East Indies. (More than half these latter amounts are already in her hands in Borneo and Celebes.) The scorched earth as carried out in Malaya and on the East Indies Islands is of doubtful character. There is no doubt that Japan got a lot intact. But all this hangs on a long and tenuous thread stretching from Yokohama to Singapore, Banjermassin, Macassar, and Amboina. This line can be cut by air power from Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow. Its buttress in Indo-China, Thailand, and Malaya can be hurled into the sea from Yunnan and Burma. It can be rolled up from Australia. This is where future victory in the Pacific rests with its wings still folded.

COLONEL T.

CHINA'S BEST SELLER

Edgar Snow's tribute to the first contemporary Chinese novel translated into English. In "Village in August" T'ien Chun reveals the inner heart of a courageous people.

IN THE most sublime and stirring moments of history it often happens that a single novel or poem or essay manages to reveal, better than any straight factual account can do, the inner heart or purpose of a period, or the source of power or decay working within a society to bring about its collapse or its regeneration. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is an obvious example. Could we understand the French Revolution without *Les Misérables* or at least Voltaire, or the decline of the Spanish empire without *Don Quixote*, or the Filipino's political awakening without Rizal's great novel, *The Social Cancer*?

Village in August has now become such a book. Its appearance coincided with, and helped to create, the political events which culminated in the union of the Chinese people for a common struggle against enslavement by Japan. It is the first contemporary Chinese novel to be translated into the English language—a fact in itself an adequate commentary on our past indifference to changes taking place over in Asia which were eventually to compel us to fight for our lives.

There is scarcely an educated youth in China who has not heard of *Village in August* and every wide-awake one has read it. Thousands of soldiers have seen it dramatized in the living theater which has grown out of the war. The book was a success from the moment it first appeared, in 1934, and its epochal quality is indicated by a popularity lasting to this day. The outstanding work of the past decade, it is, moreover, perhaps the only novel in the past twenty-five years—or since China's so-called Literary Renaissance began—which really caught on with the masses.

The latter is an interesting thing because the whole aim of the Literary Renaissance, which established the vernacular, or "plain speech," as a literary medium side by side with the classical language (intelligible only to scholars), was to enable intellectual leaders to reach the people and spread democratic education among them. But T'ien Chun was the first novelist who really succeeded in carrying out that purpose. He bridged the gap between intellectual China and the lives of the common people. They got hold of his idea with astounding rapidity.

What made this achievement little short of miraculous, in the eyes of the Chinese literati, was that the author of such an historic book should be not one of themselves, "an educated fellow," but a mere soldier. It demonstrated once more what vast wells of talent and ability lay in the common people of China, ready to be opened up by a true democracy.

Village in August is a simple story without

much plot. It tells how the people of Manchuria, relying upon their own wits and resources alone, organized and armed themselves and in their wrath fought back against the Japanese invaders and their own puppet officials. Its message to the Chinese south of the Great Wall was one of hope and courage in the years when China's own government leadership seemed ready to yield concessions to Japan indefinitely. What the simple farmers of Manchuria could do, youths in the south told themselves after reading *Village in August*, the sons of Han everywhere could do.

"The people" as a source of strength and recovery dawned upon many a young student for the first time, and many a soldier too, as they read T'ien Chun's honest tale. Its ring of sincerity convinced everyone that the young author was describing something he had lived himself. Readers believed him, took heart, and prepared to act.

I WAS IN PEKING when the novel appeared, and suddenly every student I knew was talking of it. The book was handed around surreptitiously, for the government, not wishing to offend the Japanese, had banned it. Government policy seemed reconciled to the loss of North China, and the most humiliating conditions were already imposed by the Japanese. They insisted on censoring out all "anti-Japanese" material from textbooks and newspapers, and upon the suppression of patriotic societies among youth.

Peking, the traditional intellectual center of China, and the home of thousands of students, stood these and other indignities for several years—and then dramatically rebelled. Tens of thousands of students poured onto the streets one day in protest against Nanking's appeasement moves and to insist upon resistance to further Japanese demands—at any cost. Scores of leaders were beaten and thrown into jail. For many of them the example of characters in *Village in August*—such as Iron Eagle and Hsiao Ming and Anna—made mere imprisonment seem a trivial inconvenience. This student movement was the historical beginning of a spiritual rebirth which was to unite China in a resistance that would astound the world.

The influence of the book was especially pronounced among the exiled Manchurians. Over at Sianfu, headquarters in Northwest China of the Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang, who had withdrawn from Manchuria in accordance with the orders of the Nanking government, *Village in August* was read by thousands of exiled students and soldiers. Then engaged in civil war against the Chinese

Reds, the ex-Manchurian army was thrilled by this account telling how their own families were fighting the invader. More and more they lost interest in waging war on their own countrymen. "Fight Back to Our Old Home!" was the slogan that aroused their enthusiasm. It was this cry that later led them to mutiny and arrest Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, in order to impress upon him the necessity to make a peace internally, and organize the nation to oppose the external foe.

And now T'ien Chun's story is being repeated again and again throughout China, where in literally thousands of villages the people have steadfastly refused to submit to the Nipponese overlord. Here is no black-and-white tale of villainy and bestiality on one side and saintly perfection on the other, but a realistic report written by a soldier, filled with enthusiasm for the whole story of teeming life on both sides and the frailty and the strength of ordinary mortals.

HERE ARE the people of China, to whom we owe so much. Not a famous general or two living in comfort with their families far from the daily misery of war, but the people rooted to the soil, the only home they know. People who cannot make "strategic withdrawals," but stay and fight for every inch of the land, after the generals and the rich have fled. People whose capacity for sacrifice and labor and hardship is all that has stood between China and defeat during the years we were deaf to their need.

Here, described with realistic integrity, and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy, are people at whom you will smile and whom you will understand, with all their ignorance and prejudice and delayed awakening—and their hidden splendor, too. Little Red Face, Big Liu, Old Sun and his boys, Liang Hsiang, Seven Spot Cheng, Seventh Sister Li and her lover, Old Boil Tang, Old Eight and his robust wife—they are as real and genuine, all of them, as anybody who ever came out of a Chinese village.

No dilettante, and quite uninhibited in his use of crude and uncouth language when it is required, T'ien Chun also handles with great beauty and discernment moments of basic conflict of will and purpose. Womanhood acquires under his treatment a new meaning for China's youth, something pure and fine as represented by Anna, the determined revolutionary heroine. Here love too takes on a heroic sacrificial quality new to Chinese fiction, when Anna, human after all, momentarily gives way to her emotions, but recovers

and in a scene of renunciation rededicates herself to the struggle. The fierce need of the revolutionary soldiers for a new ideal is revealed through their strange awe for Anna, half worship and half desire.

While Anna "did not know what ache had swallowed her heart, what distress had whipped her body," the equally tortured Hsiao Ming, defeated in his effort to live up to his own code, "never thought that love could cut so deeply into the will. How do you explain it, Anna? In the old books there is nothing of this suffering, and in none of the stories I have read does love lie so directly athwart the way one means to go, the hard path of duty."

T'ien Chun's work includes other novels and many short stories, most of which deal with the lives of soldiers. I first became interested in him when he was recommended to me with high praise by the late Lu Hsun, perhaps the greatest literary figure modern China has produced. As I was then compiling a volume of Chinese short stories for translation in English, I included two by T'ien Chun, and this was the first time his work was translated in any language, I believe. At that time I asked T'ien Chun for a biographical sketch of himself. This is what he sent to me:

"I was born in Manchuria in 1908, in a not-too-small village separated by some seventy *li* of mountain paths from the nearest city. The population consisted of peasants, craftsmen, hunters, soldiers. . . .

"My grandfather was a peasant and my uncles and my father were at first farmers, then carpenters, and later on merchants, army officers, and 'mounted bandits.' At times my family had property, at times we owned nothing



DECLAMATION

Lai Hung-ki

ART CALENDAR

New York City

ANTI-AXIS CARTOONS—Sponsored by U. S. Treasury Dept. and Society of Magazine Cartoonists. 215 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 28th)

ARTISTS IN EXILE—Paintings and Sculptures. Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 28th)

CZECHOSLOVAK CONTEMPORARY ART — Held by Czechoslovak Relief. Demotte Galleries, 39 E. 51st St.

KENT, Rockwell—Paintings. Wildenstein Galleries, 19 East 64th St. (until Feb. 27th)

KLEE—Oils, water-colors, drawings. Nierendorf Gallery, 17 East 57th St. (until Feb. 28th)

MASSON—Recent paintings. Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 14th)

PICASSO—Masterpieces. Paul Rosenberg Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. (until March 7th)

REMBRANDT — Metropolitan Museum's entire collection of paintings, prints, and drawings, 5th Ave., and 82nd St. (until March 29th)

U. S. Army Illustrators from Fort Custer and 18 Americans, 1942 — Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd St. (until March 10th)

WATERCOLORS — A.C.A. Gallery, 26 West 8th St. (until Feb. 28th)

ing at all. After the Mukden incident (Sept. 18, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria) my father and three of his brothers—the youngest still clung to his carpentry—enlisted in the Volunteer Army against the Japanese. My third uncle is now imprisoned in 'Manchukuo.' The little property we had, including some houses and lands, has been confiscated by the 'Manchukuo' authorities.

"I received no systematic education, was invariably expelled by the authorities of every school I attended, and in all studied in school only six or seven years.

"In 1925 I joined the army, and remained a soldier for about six years. I was in the cavalry, infantry, gendarmery, artillery, and the cadet corps, and later became a junior officer. I joined the Volunteers in 1931 also, but after a while I began my literary career in a Manchurian city. I came to Shanghai in 1934.

"Besides my career in the army I have been

a vagabond-tramp, a secretary, an apprentice to a professional boxer—one of those stunt-doers in open-air markets—a waiter, a mill-stone pusher in a bean-curd shop, and what-not. . . .

"My interest in literature began in childhood, and about ten years ago I began to write. I was then in the army. At first I diligently studied Chinese classical poetry, and later I read the works of Lu Hsun and Kuo Mo-jo—the former's stories, the latter's poetry. Among the earliest works of new literature I read was Lu Hsun's *Wild Grass*, which I have always loved most. Among foreign authors I have liked Goethe and Chekhov best. As I read more I discovered the Soviet writers, among whose works I especially liked Gorky's *Mother* and A. Serafimovitch's *Sheleznyi Potok*, both of which greatly moved me, especially the latter, which had a profound influence on me. I have read little of the works of contemporary Chinese writers

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other than Lu Hsun and Kuo Mo-jo, hence I have not felt their influence.

"I am stirred by the characters of my own creation; for me they are real beings. I become completely absorbed in the environment and atmosphere built up by my own pen, and I confess that I find it interesting to be 'deceived' by my own art.

"The only 'purpose' of my literary work is to help liberate all oppressed people from their unhappy lot."

I NEVER MET T'ien Chun but I know many of his friends. Once our paths almost crossed in Shansi, soon after the war began. Not long afterward I learned that he had joined some guerrillas in Shantung. The last I heard, he was in far off Chinese Turkestan. His recent war stories have not been many, but they are very popular.

I wish it were possible to tell here something about the American scholar who made this extraordinarily fine translation. Unfortunately such credit will have to be given later, because the translator is at present interned in a city occupied by the Japanese. From my own acquaintance with the work of T'ien Chun I know the difficulties which confronted the translator in faithfully rendering the author's colloquialisms and vernacular style into agreeable and literary English. But his translation sacrifices virtually nothing. The reader may appreciate the painstaking work that has gone into this volume when he is told that the translator spent the better part of a year accomplishing his task.

EDGAR SNOW.

Mr. Snow's article is the introduction slightly abridged to "Village in August" to be published in March by Smith & Durrell.

On the Wrong Foot

IDEOLOGIES AND AMERICAN LABOR, by Paul K. Crosser.
 Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

HERE is a book which has many flashes of insight, but which in the final analysis fails to shed a steady light. The author sets out to analyze the ideologies ("logical systems of ideas") which have influenced the American labor movement. He promises an integration of sociology, economics, and history as a basis for dealing with the "crisis" in social thought; he also promises a "correlation of theory and practice" as a guide in solving contemporary economic and political problems.

The book is divided into two halves, the first dealing with what Crosser terms the three basic Western ideologies. He calls these: Harmony in the Estate, Balance in Marketing, and Struggle Among Classes. The second part deals with the three reflections of these ideologies in American labor relations, namely paternalistic unionism, liberalistic unionism, and revolutionary unionism. It might be noted that Crosser uses a terminology that is unnecessarily high-sounding, e.g., Balance in

Marketing, and hyphenated Ph.D. expressions like "logico-historical," etc.

The book is written from the institutional point of view. The students of Veblen at Columbia followed him in trying to relate ideological changes to alterations in the economic, political, and legal environment. So far so good. It is a promising approach. And Crosser does give a rather good analysis of the relationship between past ideologies and economic setups. He traces the development of the manorial system and the monastery and the resultant conceptions of social balance and just price of labor. He does the same for capitalist "institutions" and ideas. Then he explains how these ideologies show up in the American labor movement and paternalistic unionism (Ford), liberalistic (Gompers), and revolutionary.

The book's most serious shortcoming is the shortcoming of institutional economics, even at its best. To show relationships between law and economics or between economics and politics is not enough as such. The question is: what interrelationships do you see, how many do you see, and which ones do you see as the central ones? And most important, where do we go from here? But institutionalism denies that an analysis of the present can lead to scientific action because the situation is too complicated and is always subject to change. Institutionalism is determined to understand, not to change, and with such an approach, understanding itself becomes limited. According to institutionalism, history moves by the compulsion of ideologies and institutions, but it fails to see that it moves through men organized into classes. So far as action *now*, the institutionalists can only detail "tendencies" without indicating significant direction. When they deal with the past their analyses may be fine, even brilliant occasionally, though frequently we find the error of mechanical interpretation. Beard is an historian who exhibits the same thing. The institutionalists merely itemize trends, with no path leading through them. Marxian dialectic also combines economics, politics, sociology, etc., but it *really* combines them and comes out with a guide to action.

Crosser is frequently mechanical. He assumes for instance, a much too simple transference of feudal ideas to modern conditions (Fordism) without describing the transforming adaptation of those ideas to the capitalist organization of modern society. There are numerous other examples of similar mechanical thinking sometimes verging on outright misunderstanding, as when he ascribes to Victor Berger "a consistent Marxian view," or when he opposes anti-trust legislation because Marx believed "that monopolistic industry sharpens social contradictions out of which the socialistic order is to be born." This is mechanism with a vengeance.

It is when Crosser reaches today's problems that his approach fails. He so completely separates the appearance of an ideology from its material base that he sees fascism as middle class rebellion. He proves it by pretending to

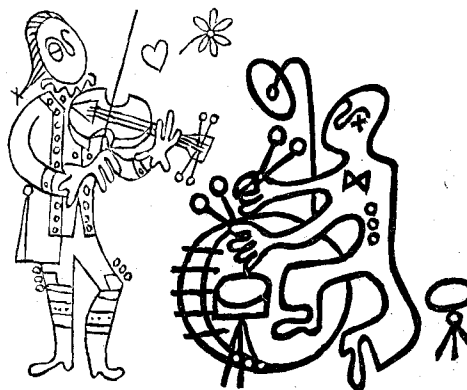
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examine what Hitler "says." His study of ideologies gets further and further away from the actual material organization of society until, when he reaches the present, he is up in the air. He has flown into the thin realms of idealism. In the last analysis Crosser's view represents the ultimate to which middle class radicalism can go in analyzing and criticizing capitalism. It ends in near-sophistry.

SAM SCHATZ.

Focus on Graham

MARTHA GRAHAM: SIXTEEN DANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHS, by Barbara Morgan. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$6.

THE problem of preserving an individual dancer's contribution for those who have not seen her is an acute one. "A dancer's instrument is his body bounded by birth and death. When he perishes, his art perishes also," Miss Graham writes in her preface to Miss Morgan's book of photographs. And the photographer, Miss Morgan, says: "In order to convey the meaning and the form of each dance, I have worked for pictures which contain the essential motion of that dance. . . . They contain to the seeing reader the intense reality of movement contained in the original dance." That statement is the guide to one's appreciation of the book.

Perhaps the finest tribute one can pay this volume is to acknowledge that the purpose for which it was originally conceived has been, in the main, nobly and handsomely executed. Miss Morgan has given her subject the most careful and painstaking treatment, which at times achieves inspirational moments of photographic insight—at times, perhaps, a striving for the sensational. At no time is any element of immobility permitted to freeze the material; all seems to be caught in that wind-swept dynamic of movement—passionate, violent, highpitched, intense—which is so characteristic of Miss Graham's art.

The essence of these dances is not conveyed by the realistic portrayal of the dance *per se*, caught at this or that moment of climax. A certain transference of values was found necessary. Miss Morgan substituted for the actual color of the costumes and the physical boundaries of the stage a photographic equation: sharp whites and grays against velvety, impenetrable blacks. Although I would not like to see all blacks as opaque as these, the vast dark areas surrounding the dancers possess their own drama of composition and serve to highlight the dramatism of the dancer.

The sixteen dances shown in these photographs have been chosen by Martha Graham as her most important works, including *Letter to the World*, *American Document*, *Lamentation*, *Deep Song*. The conscientious scholar might not agree completely with some aspects of the book, however. Despite Miss Graham's preferences, one might have liked to be reminded photographically of more of the earlier works: *Frenetic Rhythms* and *Bacchanale*. I also deplored the fact that the dynamic *Celebration* and *American Provincial* were sloughed over in three and five photographs

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by Morris U. Schappes. Foreword by Richard Wright. Edited, with an appendix, by Louis Lerman. Illustrated by James D. Egleson. 128 pages, 25c per copy. Second Printing.

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respectively while overemphasis was given to two neo-religious works: *Primitive Mysteries* (ten photographs) and *El Penitente* (fifteen). And while I recognize all the difficulties involved, the photographic history might have been more accurate, and to a certain extent more exciting, if some of the original dancers were included in the record: Anna Sokolow, Lillian Shapero, Anita Alvarez, Lily Mehlman, Ailes Gilmour, Bonnie Bird, and Dorothy Bird.

Nevertheless the book, with Louis Horst's concluding chronological record of all of Miss Graham's dances to date, is a document well worth owning by anyone interested in the modern dance as an indigenous and flourishing American art.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Healthy Whodunit

DEATH ON THE WATERFRONT, by Robert Archer. *The Crime Club*. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.

THERE have been attempts at labor-mysteries, most of them phony, but in *Death on the Waterfront* Robert Archer has really rung the bell. It is not the story of any actual crime but the setting, motivation, and characters spring vivid and real from the roaring life of our time. The jammed union hall with a clash between the goons and the rank-and-file is probably the most dramatic locale to be found in recent labor history. So is an executive committee meeting of a union in which the members know that one of their number is a stoolpigeon—but which one? This mystery novel makes excellent use of both settings.

There is one obstacle to writing a good whodunit with a labor background, and that is the choice of a detective who is on the side of labor. Mr. Archer has solved this problem—his detective hero is a young, progressive lawyer working on the staff of the district attorney under a liberal city administration. Opposed to him and in sharp contrast is the captain of the Homicide Squad—the type of police official who has grown brutal and ruthless in the job and who is interested not in finding *the* man but in finding *a* man—any man on whom the murder rap can be pinned securely enough to “clean up the case.”

Mystery fans should not get the impression that *Death on the Waterfront* is any great deviation from the best of the regular mystery crop, for it is not. It has all the elements, including one corpse in the library of a country house. But underneath the traditional pattern of the mystery yarn is a sound substructure. For in this story the basic motivation is not the obscure hatred of Cousin Abigail for her rich relative. Impelling these murders is the ruthlessness of a certain type of business management in defense of its profits and the violence which it is willing to employ to hold back the flood tide of labor organization. The author is particularly honest in his treatment of the Negro and Italian characters.

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strike vote—ought to be a good antidote to the belief, carefully fostered among some sections of the middle class, that workers go out on strike at the drop of a hat. The stark truth of the seriousness of a strike on the waterfront is shown quickly and vividly.

Particularly interesting is the ingenuity with which Archer rings in five different methods of murder or attempted murder, one of them a locked room puzzle, and all not only plausible but inevitable. The grand pay-off scene with all the suspects in one room—a thing which never happens in real life—is carefully supported by the previous events, and the skill shown in giving the reader all the evidence but keeping his suspicions away from the guilty party is superb. I didn't tumble to the killer until the author got ready to tip it.

JOHN DETROY.

Brief Review

ATTACK ALARM, by Hammond Innes. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Hammond Innes has written a thriller which ought to satisfy any reader whose taste runs to melodrama. The setting is an airdrome in southeastern England during the late summer Blitz of 1940, and the action is centered around a fifth column attempt to use the airdromes as an invasion base. The narrative runs smoothly and the timing and suspense are expertly handled. The gunners, pilots, and commanders are, within the limited conventions of the adventure-story genre, real people. Even the manipulations and discovery of the fifth column plot are usually credible. And there is a little love-interest which is kept satisfactorily in the background. Mr. Innes has unquestionably accomplished what he set out to do—he has provided a couple of hours' worth of pleasantly uncritical entertainment.

Attack Alarm is on the same order as a Hitchcock spy-picture, although it perhaps lacks Hitchcock's mastery of coordination. One of the gunners setting out to trap the fifth columnists puts it succinctly: "Like a book I bin reading, all about gangsters in America." Written hastily, in snatches of spare time at a fighter airdrome, the book unfortunately does not give an indication of what England and Englishmen are fighting for.



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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Milton Howard, member Daily Worker editorial board, Sun., Feb. 22, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St. Admission 25c.

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WE IN America haven't really seen a whole people at war; not yet. We have seen the beginnings; the headlines from Pearl Harbor, the burning *Normandie*, the young men getting their new uniforms. We have seen the American people stir and struggle to organize, in the face of fifth column sabotage. But we are only seeing the beginning of the people working as one harmonious whole against the fascist enemy—soldiers, farmers, women, and school children, each with his own job and the clear knowledge of it. *Our Russian Front* shows us that.

In *One Day in Soviet Russia* we saw a daily life at once efficient and joyous, as it can be in peacetime. Now, in *Our Russian Front*, the tempo has speeded up. The workers in the factories are delaying only to teach their wives how to run the machines, before they leave for the front. On the collective farms women run to the great tractors, hurrying to cut the grain. And on the front the guns are firing in dead earnest; the fallen swastika planes, the twisted Nazi machinery, all testify to the striking power of the Red Army.

The actual battlefield scenes are not unfamiliar; we have seen these Nazi dead, these sullen Nazi prisoners, in our newspapers. To most of us, the civilian sequences will appear even more dramatic, for they are filled with the same sort of people we ride with in the subway; school kids swinging their books, little girls with braids, workmen with

steady hands and their lunch in a paper bag. In Magnitogorsk and Chelyabinsk the steel mills are working overtime on next spring's tanks; the film's commentary, in the quiet American voice of Walter Huston, quotes Stalin's warning against slackness and complacency. This is where the Axis is being beaten, the voice says, and the Russians need our help.

On the collective farm the boys are at school, but an old man patrols the wheat-fields, and two youngsters, high up on a scaffolding, watch for planes. The Nazi raiders come over. The old man rings his alarm bell, the boys give warning, out of the schoolhouse they rush to leap on the backs of the farm horses and ride them off to the safety of the woods. The village is ready for action in a matter of minutes. This is where the war is being fought. Where are the American supplies?

In the nurseries the girls in their early teens gather. They are too young to volunteer as nurses, they have round serious faces and hair in long braids down their backs. They are not too young to take care of the littler children though, and that's their part in the war effort, making toys for the evacuated babies who don't know there's a war on yet. One baby stares at the camera and cries. The commentator says: Don't cry, kid. You've got friends across the sea, kid. They'll help.

The women of Moscow stream out in long

lines to dig ditches; the writers and clerks and artisans volunteer for firefighting and anti-aircraft, and Shostakovich, between fire drills, finishes his symphony. In the captured villages men slip through the Nazi lines to wreck communications and storehouses. These are the people of the Soviet, says Walter Huston. They're helping fight our battle. They're asking our help. Without them, we'd be watching our own skies for swastika planes on the sunny days of next spring.

It is not all strain and seriousness in Russia, however, even now. There is time for people to smile at each other at their work, time for the women to sit quietly and knit now and then, time for the soldier at the front to read the schoolgirl's letter, packed in with the knitted helmet she sends him. The Red Army men, in one sector, turn out and help harvest the rye. There is time, always, to recognize and reward the heroes—one of the film's most effective moments shows us a Soviet airman, just decorated, and his old mother. All of these things are war activities, but they are life activities, too. As in every Soviet film, the emphasis is on honest, ordinary people, with a job to do.

Hollywood's contribution to *Our Russian Front* has been considerable; the brilliant editing of Joris Ivens and Lewis Milestone, the tremendously effective commentary written by Elliot Paul and read by Walter Huston, the spirited score by Dmitri Tiomkin. These are Americans who tell us about our Russian front, the main front of this war; who tell us what we must do for Russia and ourselves. *Our Russian Front* is not only a portrait of the Russian people, but an appeal to the people of the United States.

ONCE there was a lady columnist. She spoke all languages, including the Scandinavian. She was beautiful and brilliant, and knew all about politics. At the crack of dawn she would get up to break bottles over battleships; between the bacon and the eggs she would fly to Tokyo to sign a declaration of war. In a bathysphere she would descend into the depths to interview the leaders of Vichy. Between White House conferences, one afternoon, she got married; and on her wedding night she was invaded by Yugoslavia.

Woman of the Year gives this improbable lady the works. Any resemblance to columnists living or dead is quite coincidental, for the film's Tess Harding is played by Katharine Hepburn, and no lady columnist ever had the good luck to look like Katharine Hepburn. Moreover, Tess Harding has charm and wit and a wicked eye to add to her political science. It's really a shame that her sports-writer husband finally brings Tessie to her knees on the kitchen linoleum, begging tearfully to be allowed to make her lord's waffles.

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"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

See Back Cover

It's a shame, too, that the issue of careers-for-women had to denature the brilliant comedy of *Woman of the Year*. There is certainly a middle ground for modern women between being a humdrum housewife and being a Car of Juggernaut, but this film ignores it. And the standards by which it condemns poor Tess are slightly cockeyed; her feverish public life is disliked not because it makes her a ruthless and inconsiderate person, but because it makes her "unfeminine." Yet a man who behaved like Tess would be equally objectionable.

Tess has been exaggerated, not always happily, for purposes of satire; in spite of her incredible intelligence, she can't even read a page in a cookbook, and the questions she asks her escort at a baseball game would disgrace the dumbest blonde in history. The admirable comic style of *Woman of the Year*, however, serves to cover its minor inadequacies. Ring Lardner, Jr., has supplied a script full of pungent lines and fantastically funny pantomime; a script which never becomes wordy, for most of its narration is done not verbally but through the camera. Spencer Tracy, as the sports-writer husband, gets most of the juiciest pantomime. He wanders, a lost and silent soul, through one of Tess' polyglot parties; he parades in a bridegroom's silk hat and ice cream pants before the awed eyes of South Carolina children; he strays onto the stage at an enormous meeting of women, and, his attempt to escape foiled by the drapery, gets pinned between two large ladies in monkey-fur. . . . The camera catches him off guard, as it were, just when he is looking silliest.

The acting of the two principals contributes much to the film's economical effectiveness. Both Tracy and Hepburn can put over the subtlest comedy points with a lift of the eyebrow; with a fleeting glance past the camera they do more than Betty Grable, say, does in five minutes of staring straight at you and gulping like a goldfish. They eclipse their supporting cast, even the capable Fay Bainter, and nobody minds. Hepburn does the spectacular Tess with restraint, even in that phony ending among tears and inedible waffles. Just for a change, though, we'd like to see a film in which it's the husband who finally stays home with the waffle iron.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

A Good Intention

Despite a sound approach, "The Flowers of Virtue" fails as theater.

MANY an American playwright has been so stirred by the shape of things as they are, that he has been moved to attempt, in dramatic form, a consideration of the menace of world domination by Hitlerism. Marc Connelly (author of *The Green Pastures*) is the latest, and his unfortunate little play, which ran for only four performances last week, was titled *The Flowers of Virtue*. The title comes from the small Mexican town of

Las Flores de la Vertud where he set the scene of what action the play contrived to accomplish. For although Mr. Connelly's piece, from the standpoint of ideational content alone, is the most progressive of the season, it managed to contain less dramatic action per act than anything this year.

By themselves, ideas are impossible to project in drama, except through the media of human character and conflict. Mr. Connelly has created a set of rather stock characters, who are symbols rather than human beings, and he seems to have set them to motion in rather arbitrary fashion. The result is that none of them comes very much to life except insofar as certain of the actors have supplied that life.

The playwright throws together on the rented ranch of a well-to-do lady novelist who resembles Mabel Dodge Luhan, the novelist and her wooden Indian husband, a visiting American industrialist, his wife, his young daughter who is enamored of an archeologist, the archeologist, a treasonable servant in the house, a local fascist "general," a local progressive unionist, and assorted maid servants, native Mexicans, and soldiers. It is a little surprising to discover an industrialist acting as the spearhead of the progressive, democratic forces in the world, but that is Mr. Connelly's idea. His industrialist is worn out (the time is December 1941) trying to awaken his fellow Americans to the menace of Hitlerism; he has come to rest. Instead of resting, he finds himself in a pattern he has observed before—"only, the man had a mustache." For the petty local fascist, General Orijas, is about to take over the locality, and he manifests all the stigmata of Herr Schicklgruber: demagoguery, suppression of free speech, Red-baiting, "coordination" of dissenters, tyranny, and murder. The industrialist saves the life of the local unionist and democrat, Trinidad Perez, and foils the plans of General Orijas by the use of religious trickery and quick thinking. The symbols fall into their places; the industrialist is proved correct, the isolationist archeologist son-in-law sees there is work to be done in the world, the fascists are routed—only the out-of-the-world lady novelist remains the same.

In general Mr. Connelly's play demonstrates a sound approach to present problems. He understands the fascist pattern, the role played by Red-baiting and demagoguery; he is on the side of the decent people who, he correctly believes, form the vast majority of the world's population and will make a decent world if they get a chance. But he has failed to make a play of these materials.

In the leading roles, the petty fascist general of Vladimir Sokoloff carried most authenticity. Mr. Sokoloff is a shrewd performer. His opposite number, Trinidad Perez, as played by S. Thomas Gomez, possessed deep compassion and human backbone, and Isobel Elsom's novelist was properly satirical. In the lovely set of Donald Oenslager, the charming personality, Frank Craven, is himself.

ALVAH BESSIE.

February

19-20-21—Labor's Bazaar to Defend America. Benefit British, Russian, Chinese War Relief and Amer. Red Cross—Entertainers of each nation, 100 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

19-26—School for Democracy, Individual Lectures, 7 & 8:40 P.M., Guest Lecturers, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

20—NEW MASSES, Program of New War films. William Blake on "Behind the Nazi Lines," Irving Plaza, Irving Place and 15th St., 8:30 P.M.

20—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings from Works in Progress. Ben Field, novel on farm life. Mother Ella Reeve Bloor, commentator, 237 E. 61st St., 8:30 P.M.

21—Unity Reunion Dance, Preview 1942, Webster Hall.

21—Russian War Relief, celebration, Almanac Singers, Johnny Doodle Cast, 225 E. 10th St., N. Y. C., 9:30 P.M.

21—Teachers' Union (local 453), Herbert Newton Victory Ball, Webster Hall, N. Y. C.

21—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group. Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. and 50th St., 12:30 P.M. Victor Yakhantoff, "How Far Is the Far East," Anna Louise Strong, guest.

22—ALP—2nd Annual Liberty Ball, Royal Windsor.

25—Citizens Comm. to Free Earl Browder, Testimonial Dinner to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Aldine Club, 200 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

26—Schomburgh Collection of The Harlem Library, Forum, "Publishing Negro Books," Angelo Herndon, Wendell Malliet, William Blake, Henrietta Buckmaster, 9 W. 124th St., 8:30 P.M.

27—Russian War Relief—Dance Recital, Draper, Haakon, Robinson, etc. Carnegie Hall.

27—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings Forum, Louis Zukovsky, Novels of Italy, France, United States, 1900-1940. Commentators, Chas. Resmkoff, Rene Taupin, 237 E. 61st St., 8:30 P.M.

27—I.W.O. West Side Forum, Jean Rubinstein reviews "Mission to Moscow," 220 W. 80th St., 9 P.M.

28—International Juridical Assoc. 10th Anniv. Dinner, Hotel Murray Hill.

March

1—Popular Theater, Show and Dance, for Johnny Doodle Company, many celebrities of radio and theater, Irving Plaza, 9 P.M.

1—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade—Dinner, Memorial Division, Hotel Diplomat.

6—Soviet Russia Today, 10th Anniversary Banquet, Program, place to be announced.

8—Joint aus. I.L.D. and League of Amer. Writers, Manuscript and book sale, benefit Oklahoma Book Trials, Hotel Piccadilly, 2 P.M.

15—NEW MASSES' Lincoln Steffens Memorial Tribute Meeting. Sun. afternoon, 2 P.M., Manhattan Center.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

29—Annual I.W.O. Pageant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

29—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

A QUESTIONNAIRE

The Editors of NM are eager to have you answer

PLEASE NOTE THAT IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SIGN YOUR NAME

1. What is your choice as the best article or feature in this issue? Your second choice?

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3. What type of articles, not now appearing in NM, would you like to see published?

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8. Would you like a quiz department in which the five key questions of the week would be asked and then answered on another page?

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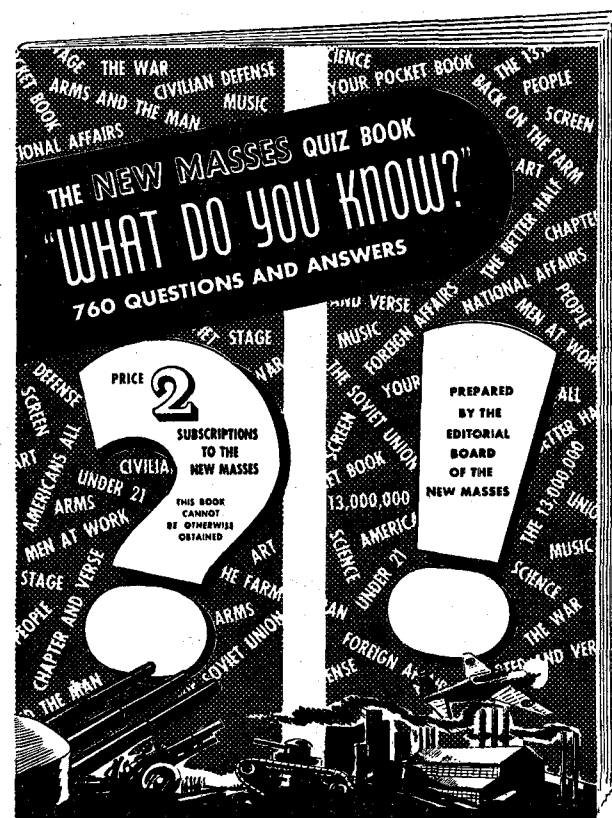
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